SPECULARIA

1949

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SPECULARIA

1949

HATHAWAY BROWN SCHOOL

CLEVELAND, OHIO

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To Mrs. Owen

WE DEDICATE this book in tribute to her humble wisdom, her firm patience, and her faithful practice of the fine art of being natural.

THE FORTY-NINERS

JUDY ALLGOOD

helpful, discerning, understanding, perservering

Knitting argyles, listening to semi-classical music, praising the South, admiring Annapolis men, shopping for SHOES—all spell Judy Allgood. For sprains and rashes, cuts and headaches, "Doc" can supply the remedy. Besides being medically proficient, she is an avid archery enthusiast with a splendid collection of medals to attest her achievement. You can always count on Judy's unfailing friendship in a crisis.

GRETCHEN LEE BAIER

composed, reserved, precise, artistic

When we peek behind Gretchen's enigmatic smile, we find a sincerely sympathetic friend. When she is not creating her stylized fashion illustrations, Gretch can be found comforting a troubled classmate with her soothing words. Some day we shall leaf through the leading fashion magazine of the day and find numerous advertisements signed "G. B."

DOROTHY BENTON

bohemian, loquacious, loyal, rough-and-ready

Without horses Dotty's life would be incomplete, for here is the girl who sobs and sobs in a movie when the horse is wounded, but never blinks an eyelash when the hero gasps his dying breath. She is the joke-teller who is never able to arrive at the punch-line because of fatal attacks of giggles. She is the girl who remains loyal forever.

ELIZABETH FRAZER BLACK

impulsive, buoyant, optimistic, sympathetic

Woe to the one who is beguiled by that wide-eyed, blue gaze of innocence, for behind it there lurks a being of most mischievous knowing, a sprite ever willing to undertake anything from a practical joke to a Saturday afternoon drive to Colorado. This streak of impetuosity enables Betty, as president of the Dramatic Club and a member of Ensemble, to throw herself into any song or characterization with an abandon that we have come to recognize as hers alone.

BETSEY BOURNE

understanding, capable, buoyant, full-of-sunshine

A flash of red hair, a friendly beam—
There goes Bourne with a thundering herd of Forty-niners charging down the hall behind her. We have watched her cavort as Elmer and the Earl Mount Ararat on the stage. We have followed her up the hockey field and down the basketball court. We have listened to her singing in the Glee Club and in the Ensemble. We have admired her ability to cope with difficult class and school problems. Now we point with pride to our class president, Betsey Bourne.

SHIRLEY JEAN BROWN

efficient, animated, keen, lively

Whether it's math or French, Shirley whizzes through with the greatest of ease. Shirley is a business woman: her senior year has been spent dashing about for *Specularia* ads and collecting Glee Club dues from the negligent members. Between times she has managed to squeeze in a few week-ends at Yale and some athletic activity on class teams. With her yen for Betas, baked bananas, and bubble gum, she captivates everyone she meets.

MARILYN CHALLIS CARR

attractive, ingenuous, nonchalant, willowy

Like the fair princess of a medieval legend is Chally of the slim waist, raven hair, and white skin with flushed cheeks. Her buoyant voice has helped the soprano section of the Ensemble to hit those high G's, and she hopes to become a *chanteuse* of popular songs. Not only does Chally look well in a bathing suit, but she is a fiend for swimming. Her easy-going poise is admired by us all.

JANET DONALD

adaptable, imaginative, jaunty, unpretentious

Who will be able to forget Janet's lighthearted humour or her seriousness, both of which have contributed to the efforts of the *Spec* board? Who can forget her enthusiasm and nimbleness, which have won her places on class teams and the Athletic Council? And who will not remember her dimples, her gay eyes, and those rides in her station wagon? Vitality and a willingness to cooperate are the keynotes in Janet's nature.

PATRICIA DUDLEY

svelte, soft-spoken, dissatisfied, queenly

Patsy is our fabulous sophisticate. Her flair for clothes and her graceful carriage bespeak a person of artistic temperament. And artistic she has proved herself. She won the 1947 Carnival poster contest and has created the decorations for most of our dances. Her swinging foot, her expressive gestures, and her composure and poise have resulted in her election as May Queen.

JOYCE DUNCAN

aesthetic, enthusiastic, artless, ingenuous

She drives like a cautious snail, but she's a whiz at playing bridge or creating culinary masterpieces. She talks like a magpie, but it's all too seldom that she sings with her lilting voice. She waves her stick like a madwoman on the hockey field; she wields her paintbrush like a practised master in the studio. Her gayly checked patchwork beanie, impishly tilted to one side, is a symbol of Joyce's varied moods and talents.

JOYCE ELAINE EVANS

confiding, discreet, puzzled, amoeba-conscious

A day with Joyce is like an expedition through a funhouse. Her original interpretations of Lower Slobbovians and our little jungle friends are as grotesque as the reflections of freak mirrors, and her guffaws are as disarming as laughing gas. In her more serious moments our female Danny Kaye officiates as president of the Dorm with efficiency and conviction.

ANN FORSYTHE

dependable, vivacious, social, convivial

Every Senior has munched Annie's specialty, cheese dreams, or conversed with her over the teacups. Her dissertations range from the Roosevelt administration to "up North." Ann was president of the class in our freshman year, gathered ads for *Review* in our junior year, and managed the dining room as vice-president of the Student Council in our senior year. Ann's favourite expression, "Men are just no good," has become the class password.

PEGGY FORSYTHE

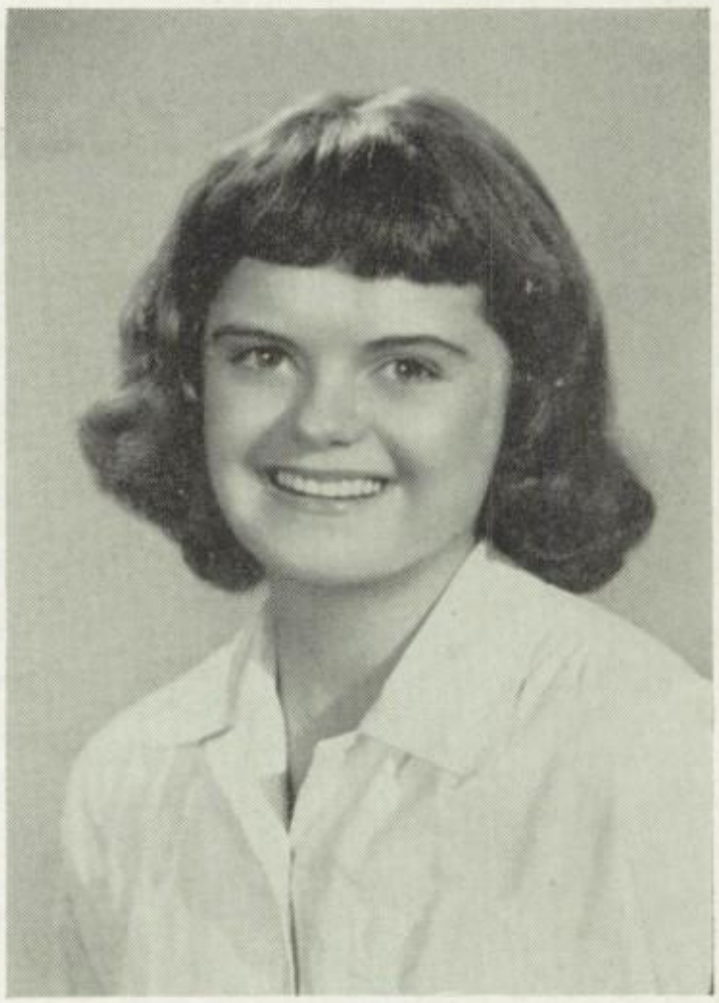
energetic, steadfast, effervescent, hospitable

The human dynamo of the Senior Class—Besides being class president in our freshman year, a frequent inmate of the honor roll, and chairman of 1948's stupendous carnival, *Westward Ho!*, Pegs has also made her mark in the Glee Club and on the hockey field. Her tender treatment of her "burly" and general adipose tissue and her propensity for snatching naps are her unique trademarks. Above all, she loves to give and have a good time.

BETSY FROLKING

mischievous, dreamy, pastel, creative

Betsy, one of our most ardent shutterbugs, can be seen clicking her camera and blinding us with flashbulbs almost everywhere she goes. Her works of art now grace the picture pages of *Spec*. When we think of Betsy, we think of an infectious giggle, a playful sense of humor, and a black convertible. We shall expect to see Betsy's name attached to a book-of-the-month in the near future.



ANN GILKEY

constant, demure, guileless, winning

Yearning brown eyes with a delightful luminosity and an easily provoked smile that reflects her inner warmth are distinctive features of Ann. She likes to work with children, and her understanding patience will make her future tasks in teaching them very easy. Her spirit shines through all her efforts, from singing in the chorus of *Iolanthe* to interpreting abstract nouns for modern dance. Ann's overflowing geniality will always impress us.

MARJORIE HOGAN

dynamic, sympathetic, sparkling, well-groomed

Margie holds the record for the most "firsts" in the Senior Class—first driver's license, first daring user of H_2O_2, first class Cadmean key, first scoring left wing in hockey. Always in the limelight, she is the proud possessor of a successful blonde page-boy, an enviable wardrobe, graceful athletic and dramatic ability, and a truly individual walk. A red convertible and an Irish temperament are only manifestations of the color, energy, and fire that are hers.

BARBARA JEAN HUSMANN

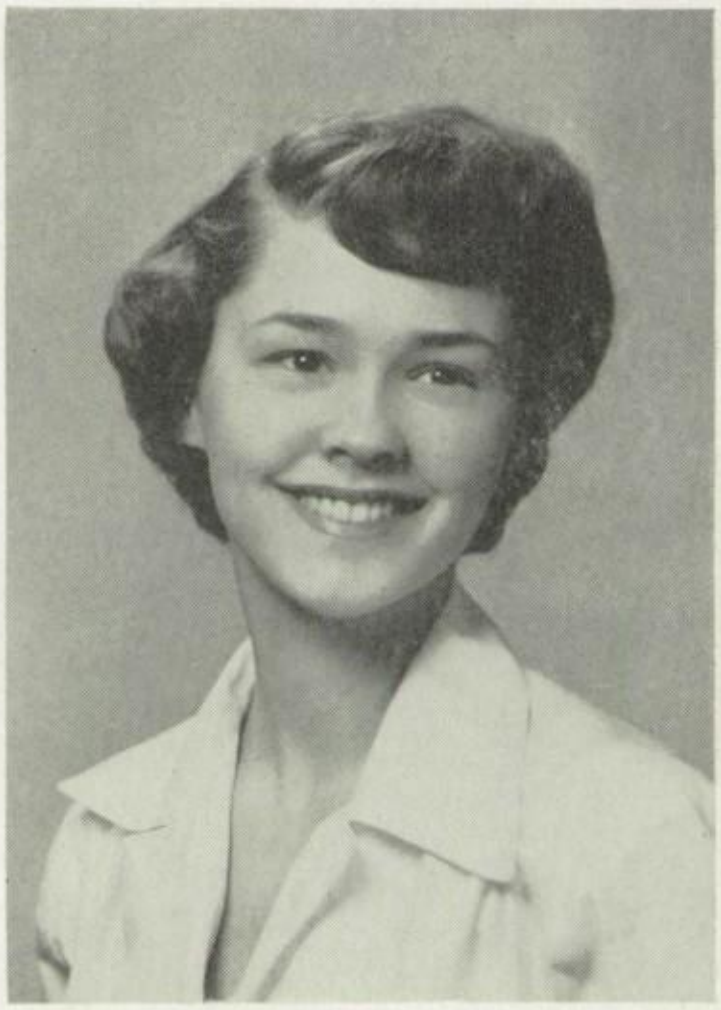
casual, unimpressed, debonair, incorruptible

No matter how dark the day may be, Barb can come up smiling. Although she is essentially independent, her buoyancy and boundless generosity make her a boon companion to anyone who needs one. For a girl who lives on cheeseburgers and who cannot tell an orchid from a green lily, she is remarkably sensible. Invincible good humor and a flair for the dramatic comprise her offensive against dull moments, which never dare to venture into the senior hall at the Dorm when Barb is there.

RUTH BRIGHAM HUTCHINSON

idealistic, impetuous, inexaustible, winsome

Straight hair, no make-up, sloppy blue jeans, an old shirt . . . and Ruthie is still the envy of the class for her effortless good looks and casual sophistication. Hutch wanders about obliviously in her own beguiling world, a place filled with paintbrushes, people, laughter, and the curling smoke that dreams are made of. To understand Ruthie is to penetrate the Inner Sanctum. To know Ruthie is to experience the satisfaction of true friendship.



JUDY JOHNSON

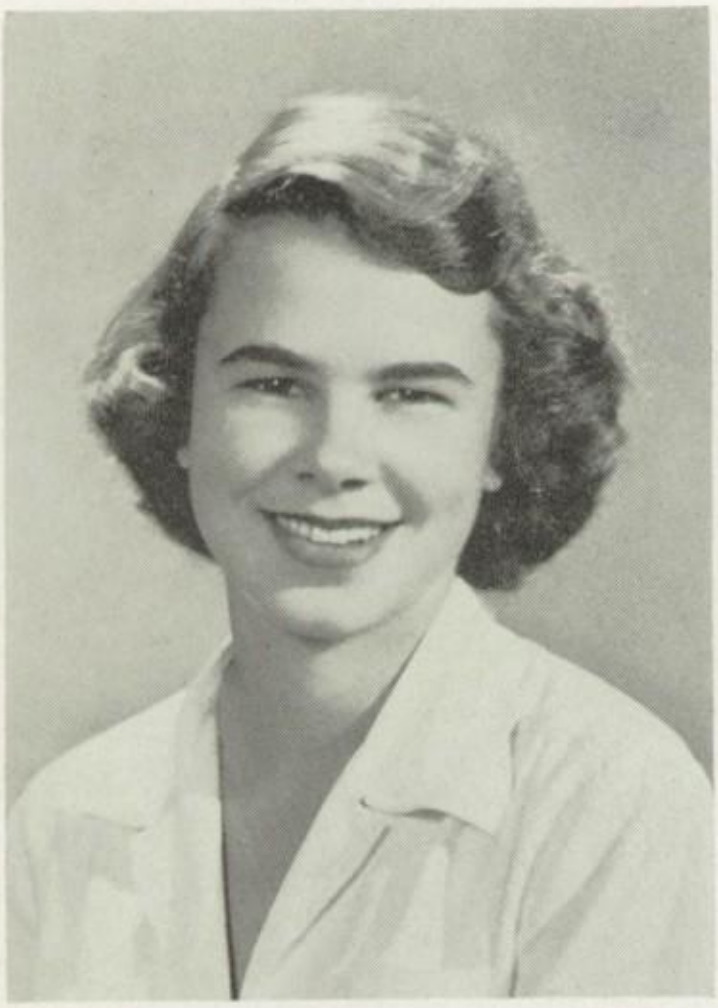
spontaneous, talented, naive, calamitous

Judy, our veritable human vitaminizer, is one of the reasons for the pep and enthusiasm of the Senior Class. She amazes everybody with her piano proficiency, delights all with her rapid patter accompanied with much gesticulating, and amuses all with her familiar "I don't get it." When Judy does "get it", however, her laughter is among the most vociferous. Her phenomenal optimism and vitality have served to "unblue" many a blue Monday.

NANCY BENTLEY KADOW

forthright, perspicacious, positive, striking

Whether Nancy is caring for the Kids or cutting up a frog, bounding after a basketball or going to a party, painting or studying, remonstrating or advocating, she attacks every problem as it comes with an intellectual vigour that is refreshing. She is a vital part of every art committee, class team, and honor roll. Being "definitely impressed", she is as earnest as she is persistent in all of her creative efforts, which usually turn out beautifully.



ANN LUCAS

talkative, stimulating, helter-skelter, contagious

Annie, a willing guinea pig for all beauty experiments, holds an indisputable position as the favorite guest of every Senior hostess. She made her mark as class president in our sophomore year, as circulation manager of *Review* last year, and as secretary of the Order of Willing Service this year. Hail to our Annie, the gal with the do-or-die attitude towards the Latin language and the unique laugh, who is always ready to try anything.

NANCY RUTH McARTHUR

atomic, intense, optimistic, warm-hearted

Mañana McArthur with the laughing face, Nancy with hair aflame from the genius of her brain, is the live wire charging the Forty-Niners with hilarity or inspiring us to achievements for *Spec*. From her hands have come artistic creations to grace the spring exhibit. An admirer of male pulch'trude, she is always devoted to her current heartbeat. Her remarks vary from "Oh, how moldy!" to valued praise. Everything she says and does reveals her versatility and sincerity.

JOAN McDONALD

accumulating, composed, congenial, impromptu

Joan, our chief jazzomaniac, has musical interests in many fields, and her resonant alto voice has enriched the Glee Club and the Ensemble. Her tall form, topped with curly reddish hair, is a familiar sight in every hockey, basketball, and baseball game. "In friendship's name", a phrase from the quartette in *Iolanthe,* in which Joan gave a clever and most military portrayal of Private Willis, typifies the warmth of her personality.

MARY McFARLANE

clever, intrepid, jocose, stubborn

Meet Mary, chief and extemporaneous wit of the H. B. Fire Department. She is celebrated for her uproarious portrayals of Fanny Belle and Ginger before the footlights, and her prowess as an *equestrienne extraordinaire* will be legendary for years to come. We hope to have lifelong passes to her future cattle ranch, the largest in the West, and autographed copies of her *Around the World in a Sailing Canoe.*

HELEN IMOGENE MILLER

determined, enterprising, thoughtful, willing

Maybe you saw her supervising the Craft Shop at Carnival, working hard to turn over vast sums to the cashier. Maybe you saw her in the art studio, sketching or painting. Maybe you have been one of the many people she generously drives around in her big Buick. Undoubtedly you know the elfin quality in her eyes and her engaging pertness. No matter what she is doing or where she is, Helen is conscientious and thorough in her pursuits.

JOAN MILLER

sensible, light-hearted, sophisticated, esteemed

Actress, scholar, vocalist, athlete, gourmet, clothes-horse, humorist, connoisseur of take-your-choice, Joanie moves in an aura of continual fragrance, fun, and excitement. To her, every moment is an adventure. Yet she has a serious vein deep enough to detect the true value of a person or a situation. Some day Paramount will film the internationally-famed Joan Miller's life story —in serial form.

SUE ANNE MILLER

well-adjusted, efficient, placid, one-man-minded

Organized is the word for Sue. At nine-fifteen she takes her bath; at nine-thirty she puts up her hair; at nine-forty she checks over her homework for the next day; and at nine-forty-five she is sound asleep, dreaming of The Man. The efficiency of her schedules increases from day to day but never interferes with her many friendships. She can often be found working on some art project, writing long letters to Bill, or shopping at Shaker Square.

CORINNE MORGAN

alert, sure, intrepid, sparkling

From the moment we heard her captivating name and saw her contagious smile, we have become increasingly aware of the glowing vibrancy which is Corkey's own. She has won us all in the May Queen's court, on the stage as the lovely Iolanthe, and in the halls as the girl who is always willing to try something new and interesting and equally ready to defend unflinchingly that which she believes is right.

JANET NUTT

comprehensive, precocious, dainty, diabolical

Above all, Janet is unique. She has a delicate, aesthetic air about her which is dispersed only by outcroppings of her fiendish humor. She astounds people with her prodigious feats of memory and delights in startling everyone with bizarre suggestions in defiance of public opinion. Her taste in reading ranges from the writings of Machiavelli to *Dracula*. The near future will probably find her raising monsters in the interest of science or excavating Mayan civilizations with her usual gusto.

ROBB REAVILL

abrupt, apprehensive, droll, undecided

The Rage of the Purple Sage, that's Robb. She may not understand horses, but she can make subtle observations on the progress of human affairs or knock the wind out of the prosaic with her artistic use of stark incongruity. Robb has a penchant for fine drama and Siamese cats. If missing, she can easily be found engrossed at the nearest Olivier movie or hanging from a chandelier in Ward 12.

MARLENE REDMOND

ironical, logical, sincere, true

No one will ever forget her unexcelled catching during baseball season and her rapid passing on the basketball court, her expert handling of the class finances, her candidness, her willingness to help anyone at any time, and her "Do 'know do ya". The Senior Class would not be complete without Red, the girl who makes strangers feel that they belong and old timers realize that to have her friendship they must be friendly to others.

GINNY RICHARDSON

omnivorous, stylish, companionable, sincere

Ginny has the face of an angel and a heart with just enough deviltry in it to make her eager for almost any crazy adventure contrived by her crazy classmates. This summer one might have seen Ginny whipping around town in her convertible, focusing the binoculars on Dale Mitchell of baseball fame, or playing hostess to her many friends. Ginny's inherent sweetness, sense of humor, and loyalty will cut a path for her through life, for she knows the true meaning of friendship.

SANDY RITTINGER

boisterous, lithesome, tactful, natural

Sandy has a knack for relaxing. Her bursts of laughter and her easy sense of humor make her at home wherever she is found—at the Skating Club, in the wilds of Canada, and even in the distant halls of Dartmouth. Her welcome presence can mean another hockey game won, another Carnival dollar saved, or another party fulfilled. Sandy has two hearts—one in the usual thoracic position, the other chained securely to her wrist.

JANET ELEANOR ROESCH

practical, tearful, emphatic, wonderful

Everyone depends on Janet. She works diligently as vice-president of the class, offers practical solutions to the inevitable problems, and cries with us over our lovelorn troubles. The world's most understanding female, she takes on more than her share of class responsibility; but her silly giggle testifies to the fact that she finds plenty of time for fun. Her unique way of walking, although far from "dignified and stately," is indicative of her unflinching determination.

JOAN SKALL

generous, inimitable, mysterious, surprising

Brown-eyed Joanie is a master of understatement, an observer, an interpreter, and a poker-face. No one can stay serious for long when she slinks down the hall with an imperious air or renders one of her too-realistic-for-comfort impersonations for the inmates of unsupervised study hall. Joan of the multicolored socks and the mysterious chemistry concoctions has tossed many a laugh into a long school day.

JULIE SMITH

zestful, bustling, congenial, adept

Looking for executive ability or social savoir-faire? Need help with a problem or moral support? Meet Julie, our Student Council president. She never seems to stop talking or dashing about, but she meets the demands of her heavy responsibilities with her capable handling of the many problems that arise. She was editor of *Review* in her junior year and has been a member of the Glee Club for four years. Behind all her accomplishments lies the all-important fact that Julie is a wonderful sport.

MARIAS SPENCER

imaginative, witty, optimistic, inimitable

Marias reacts to parties as a plant reacts to water; she has a natural tropism toward gaiety, people, and fun. She loves a practical joke, or even an impractical joke. Her quick repartee is renowned, and we shall long remember Marias for her conversations with eyebrows arched and eyes perfectly serious, her Spencer witticisms ending with an "If you'll pardon the expression", and her familiar "Yeah, I know". Marias convinces her listeners that she really does know.

GLORIA HELEN STERNICKI

animated, kaleidoscopic, tireless, unaffected

Gloria, our cookie queen, has presided peerlessly over the pastry departments of Carnival and the Senior prom. Her ardent devotion to baseball, Steve Gromek in particular, is famous, and her telepathic communications in spring from the Stadium have elated or depressed our spirits as the games may go. Her unassuming friendliness and ready sympathy, which have caused us to hold her in high esteem, are constantly glowing on her face, which is celebrated for its remarkable capillary action.

ANN TREADWAY

trustful, excitable, elusive, moody

Christmas cards with coy, blond angels will always remind us of Annie, the girl whose outward innocence belies her inner deviltry. How many times has H. B., Oberlin, or Clifton Beach been rocked by some unusual episode instigated by our little schemer, who later refers to it as "How casual!" and then gaily breaks into mysterious laughter. No day can be complete without some of Annie's enthusiasm sprinkled over the hours.

JAN TROUT

zany, magnetic, enthusiastic, prized

Jan Trout, Raymond Hall's living wind-mill, has the uncontested position of being our most successful after-dinner anecdote-and-story-teller. Ever hilarious are her tales of house parties and of her roommate's fabulous deeds. Even the painful business of mounting rickety ladders to erect Carnival and prom decorations or the awkward results of having a bottle of pickled earthworms as a biology seatmate have not dampened her spirit or discouraged her own particular muse.

JANE VAN FOSSAN

non-committal, serene, amiable, steadfast

Janie, endowed with an unusual faculty for mature understanding and sympathetic listening, is our Mrs. Anthony. Lurking beneath that serious brown gaze is a mischievous twinkle that manifests itself in Janie's keen, yet unobtrusive, sense of humor. Her fidelity is unceasing, whether it is demonstrated toward Jim Hegan, Glenn Ford, or her many friends, who value Janie's friendship.

VIRGINIA VEACH

athletic, brisk, spirited, "Hey, Barb!"

What would our first teams have done without Ginny's skill and speed? Where would Glee Club be without her second soprano? We know her best for her high ideals and her steadfast determination to uphold her convictions, a rare sense of humour that catches subtle witticisms, and acute powers of observation that have enabled her to give audience convulsing portrayals of Lige Beatson and an anonymous political heckler. Above all, we admire Ginny for her warm loyalty.

MARTY VILAS

wiggly, petite, popular, candid

Grace, bounce, buoyancy, and zest, are part of everything Marty does, whether she is dancing a fast samba at U. S., executing a neat basketball pass, acting on the H. B. stage, or merely walking down the hall with her characteristic swing. She is fortunate enough never to be at a loss for words or men; and her candor, warmth, and vivacity will continue to charm both boys and girls alike.

MARGARET ELLEN WERNTZ

energetic, vivacious, emotional, giddy

Peggy radiates enthusiasm wherever she can be found. . . in the *Shaker Sun,* at Denison, roughing it in Gates Mills, at Vaughn Monroe's personal appearance, and at all corners of H. B. She has been the spark in many a party, in many a volley ball game, and in countless dances. The flash of her red beanie, the jingle of her bracelets, and the laugh that is Peggy's own will never let her pass unnoticed.

NANCY L. WILSON

matter-of-fact, generous, teasing, hearty

"O. K, kids. What do I do next?" and a bulky, half-finished sock is thrust at the nearest victim. Senior locker row would not be the same without Wilson sitting on the floor, "wrapped up" in her knitting, or lost in another letter from the University of Pennsylvania. Nancy, remembered for her complicated negotiations with American Airlines, her fabulous dinner parties, and her appearance at the handsomest peer in the Senior play, is truly endowed with admirable versatility.

NANCY PALMER WILSON

bewitching, leisurely, stable, unpretentious

From New Hampshire through her well-loved New York to Ohio, Nancy has ensnared men with her sparkling eyes, up tilted nose, and impulsive smile. If the Dorm girls wonder why the phone is perpetually busy, the odds are that Nancy is on the line. At the present she is the saner occupant of the notorious Ward 12 on the senior floor at the Dorm. But no matter where she is, we will always remember to "Save some for Nancy."

BARBARA NAN WISE

appreciative, credulous, eager, enfant terrible

Barbara, one of the valuable altos of our Ensemble, is famed for her sparkling gaiety and unintentional but hilarious witticisms. Her implicit faith in human nature will undoubtedly make her the chief stockholder in a gold mine or the owner of the Brooklyn Bridge, but her warm-hearted persuasiveness will urge all of us to join with her in her ventures.

NUGETS

The Cat Springs

POETRY PRIZE

From the wild tangled depths
    Of the deepest heart of hearts,
From the thickly shadowed plain
    Where the dark soul dwells,
The crouched cat has leapt
    And with bitter fury darts,
Disregarding mortal pain,
    Voicing fiendish yells.

This is the birth of hate.

FRANCOISE HARLEPP, *Class of '50*

April in the Blue Ridge

HONORABLE MENTION

Of what are the mountains in Virginia dreaming?
Do they look back and see the young years,
The urgent, fighting years, the years of growth?
Do they recall centuries of sun and rain,
Of seasons rising and falling
And springs seeping from aging, mossy rock?
Do they think of yesterday and man,
And roads cutting their faces,
Telephone poles tangled in their hair?
Or do they dream of the sweet peace in
    foothill apple blossoms
And the eternity in a maple?

JANET NUTT, *Class of '49*

"Come Clad in Armour"

RAYMOND SHORT STORY PRIZE

IT WAS a Saturday evening, and as usual all the Phi Chis without dates, which included me, had gathered in Jim's room. Jim just happens to be our president and a pretty swell one at that, though we'd never say as much to him. Anyway, there we all were, sitting around, not talking much of anything but football and girls—mostly girls, when suddenly Jim starts waving the evening paper at us. Between waves I made out the picture of some colored guy, but that was all. Then Jim leaned forward, ground out his cigarette in our one overflowing ash tray, and demanded, "Tell me, fellas, strictly off the record, just what do you think of those colleges that are pledging niggars into their fraternities?" So that was it—niggars in the news! Automatically my eyes wandered around our circle, sprawled over chairs and tables alike; and I tried to read from their faces what was going on in their minds.

Joey—that's Joey Stuart, the big, blond, muscular Don Juan of the Phi Chis—pulled his feet off the nearby table and seemed about to say something; but he didn't get far; for Jim was continuing his train of thought as though he'd never flashed a question at us: "It beats me how some people are suddenly finding out that those black boys can really be all-right-guys sometimes. Ya know, I was talking to Archie on the phone Thursday night, and he said that—"

"Archie! How the hell do we know who you're talking about? Archie? Archie who?" interrupted Bill, better known on the campus as Sleepy, because of his perpetually drooping mouth and half-closed eyes, obviously not because of any lack of noise. He's the one who's always on the watch for a chance to add his two bits in a conversation—regardless of how thin and worn those two bits may be.

Naturally he knew that Jim was talking about Archie Lang from Pasternak College, and I told him so in no uncertain terms. Anyway, after that he shut up for the rest of the evening, contenting himself with throwing sardonic leers at me from time to time.

That interruption out of the way, Jim hurried on, "To get back to the subject, Archie seemed pretty well sold on those two colored guys they pledged last month. Seems that one's just been elected football captain, which really was a boon to the whole frat and gave Pasternak quite a bit of fancy publicity. Ya know someone was really right on the ball to suggest those two!"

The onslaught of remarks which followed Jim's convinced me then and there that the Phi Chis are a terrifically tolerant bunch of guys, that the fate of the world would be completely safe in their hands, and that the best choice I'd ever made was to join their fraternity. Here they were,

a group of "thoughtless kids," as the townsfolk insisted on calling us, regardless of the fact that many of us were ready to vote, standing up for the rights of the colored people and landing stout haymakers on the jaws of intolerance. As Shorty put it, "What the hell does it matter what color they are so long as they're decent guys who'd be a credit to the frat? The trouble is that not enough people feel that way; and bingo, up comes that old reliable bigotry always around waiting for more victims. Ya know, we could really start things moving if we'd pledge a niggar into Phi Chi. Think of the stir we'd make and the reasons we could give for letting him in with us. Now, that wouldn't be a bad idea, if I do say so myself!"

I was all ready to mention what had just crowded into my mind, when Joey hunched his terrific shoulders and took the words right out from under my tongue, "O. K., Shorty, I'm not saying that that wouldn't be an interesting experiment, because it would. As a matter of fact, it would really start the place spinning, and that we could use; but there's one drawback and a pretty big one at that: there just doesn't happen to be a colored guy on the campus, and without one your idea is put in with the impossible unless you've got some terrific suggestion."

"Sure, sure, I know," Shorty returned. No colored guy; no colored pledges. It was just a thought."

"Which nothing can be done about," added Jim, "and so we might as well forget the whole idea without forgetting our opinions on the subject—no intolerance!"

We raised our glasses to this, chug-a-lugged the contents, and relaxed into our previous nonchalant positions.

"Say, did I tell you guys about the sweet little number I picked up in Peterboro last week?" and Joey "Don Juan" Stuart was off again on his favorite discussion—his conquests.

There wasn't much doing after that, just more about football and girls, again mostly girls, and pretty soon we broke up and scuffed back to our rooms, leaving Jim's in a state of chaotic disorder—ashes, butts, and bottles everywhere to be picked up sometime during the next week.

That next week was a busy one. It was the final before we accepted or rejected the fellas we'd been pledging for over a month. After a good deal of consideration we'd finally cut the number of eligibles down to fifteen; and now, in the next five days, seven of these had to be discarded, leaving only eight for Phi Chi membership. These eight really had to be the top men of the class to join the best fraternity on the campus, meaning, of course, Phi Chi.

By Thursday we'd pretty much decided on the eight—Brown, Sawtell, Clapper, Flynn, Nye, Hamlin, Young, and Morris, who had made captain of the basketball team even though he was only a sophomore. Yes, we had a mighty good crop of new prospects—guys that would really add a lot to the frat and fit in perfectly with all our plans.

We were to let them know Friday that they were the eight we'd picked. I was supposed to tell Red Morris; and after racing from one building to another, I finally found him down in the gym practicing trick shots for the oncoming game with Pasternak. I couldn't help watching the guy for a while before I told him. It was really a joy to see the ball pass so cleanly through the hoop, no matter from where Red shot it. Without a doubt the game depended on him; and he would win it for us, of that I was sure. Phi Chi was getting a terrific addition here—the best player the school had ever had and an all-round swell guy on top of it all.

About ten minutes passed before I called him over to the sidelines and said, "Phi Chi has decided that you're one of the boys it's looking for, Red; so if you'll be at our lodge at 9:30 tomorrow night, we'll join you up."

Honestly, I've never seen a guy look so pleased to hear me talk. Of course it is pretty good news any time to hear that Phi Chi wants you, but Red looked as though I'd laid the whole world at his feet.

"Gee, that's swell," he stammered. "Thanks ever so much! I'll be there at 9:30 sharp."

As I turned and started out of the door, I heard him shout another "thanks loads!" at me before he started practising again. Really, in a way we should have been thanking him, too, because having the star player in our frat would put us even higher above the others. Well, if he wanted to believe that he was getting the best out of the deal, I certainly wasn't going to stop him.

On the way back to my room, I ran into Jim, who asked immediately, "What did Morris have to say?"

He looked visibly relieved as I replied, "He's coming and pleased as punch at our asking him. It couldn't have been better. But what about the others? Did they all accept?"

"Sure enough, we've got them all!" He grinned broadly, "even if we didn't get our black boy." Jim was really feeling right on top of the world, and I can't say I blamed him. After all, it isn't every day that a frat gets all the men it wants; and here we were with every one of the eight sure deals.

Later that day six of us senior Phi Chis were sitting around a battered table in Lenny's, the local hangout, drinking beers and just plain gloating over our good luck, when suddenly Sleepy raced into the dingy room, tripped over a carton of empty bottles, swore under his breath, and finally collapsed into a chair at our table.

"What in hell's the matter with you?" I demanded, forcibly restraining myself from making any more remarks along this line.

Then Sleepy set off the explosion, "Listen, guys, Morris is a Jew!" I guess we all must have looked pretty dumbfounded because he hurried on. "No fooling! I just talked to Ed Milan up at Rec Hall and told him who we were pledging; and when I mentioned Morris, his eyes nearly

popped, and he asked if we knew we were dealing with a Kike! You can bet your life I checked up on that mighty fast, and it's true. There's just no getting around it—we're about to have a Jew in Phi Chi!"

"Good God! What a mess we're in!" Joey frowned. "Think of being taken in like that so completely! Well, we'd sure better do something about it now, good and fast!"

We *were* in a mess, and we all knew it. There had never been a Jew in the frat before, and we certainly weren't very keen on letting one in now; but also we couldn't quite forget what a terrific basketball player he was and what a swell guy he had seemed to be before this. It was debatable whether we should somehow drop him out at this late date or begin something new by letting him join us. Don't get me wrong. It wasn't a debate between different guys, but rather one that was carried on within each of us as we left Lenny's and started for the lodge. We had to make up our minds quickly because the meeting was about to start, and something had to be done about Morris.

When we arrived at the lodge, all the others were there waiting for us. Jim unlocked the door; and all but the pledges piled in, switching on lights and dropping into the red leather chairs around the room. The eight newcomers were to wait outside until we called them in one by one to take their oaths.

Morris was scheduled to be first; and since the order in which they were to enter was posted, we had to follow it exactly. We sent a junior out to get Morris and then held a hurried conference concerning the action we would follow.

We made our decision and opened the door to let Morris in. He stood there nervously facing us with obvious pleasure shining in his eyes as Jim lifted his gavel for silence.

"We've had a very difficult time today, Morris," our president began. "It seems that we've only got enough facilities for seven new members, and we'd planned on eight; so this afternoon we drew straws to see which one of you would have to be dropped. I'm really sorry to say this, Red, but I'm afraid it turned out to be you."

I watched as the boy's shoulders drooped and bitter realization dawned in his eyes. Then he turned and walked quickly out of the door.

JANET DONALD, *Class of '49*

Hate

Man is born to trouble;
Man is born to fate.
Why aggravate inherent wrongs
By teaching how to hate?

ALICE GORTON, *Class of '50*

'I Walk in Darkness'

HONORABLE MENTION

I walk in darkness:
Not the gentle dusk of evening nor the somber black of night
But in frightening obscurity.
Have I lost my way?

The air is humid:
It blows not with the warmth of summer nor the cold of winter
But with a chill unknown.
Have I lost my way?

The world is silent:
I hear neither restless branches nor the frigid wind of night
But silence still and unwonted.
Have I lost my way?

This world is strange:
My feet stumble in the ruts of a road unfamiliar,
One which they know not.
I have lost my way.

PAT IRELAND, *Class of '52*

Early Promise

HONORABLE MENTION

The wind is singing November songs,
And the April sun is dim.
The daffodil buds are hooded,
And the pines look old and grim.

Yet here on the edge of the garden
Where the crocus disdains to grow,
Safe-sheltered in a patch of weeds
That someone forgot to mow,

A dozen dandelions at least,
With golden heads held high,
Are mocking at the baffled wind
And smiling at the sky.

BARBARA BERGSTROM, *Class of '52*

Tempest in Titustown

HONORABLE MENTION

THE fairgrounds were humming with activity on this sultry July day. A new loud-speaker was being installed in the grandstand, and the installation was receiving careful attention from the Fair Board, the exercise boys, a stray hound dog, and Mr. Chaffee. The Fair Board's assistance was inevitable, since the Board was the buyer; the exercise boys were in the way but full of admiration; the hound dog simply watched with sad eyes; but Mr. Chaffee, who knew all about horses and nothing about loud-speakers, was something the electricians hoped would not happen to them again.

"Hey, young feller, hook that line up here a ways."

"Keep your shirt on, mister, we're getting to it," the young "feller" grunted.

"Wall, hurry up. There'll be some good horseflesh out on the track purty soon, and we won't want 'em runnin' inta any live wires."

With audible relief the men saw Mr. Chaffee walk toward the stables, where some trotters were being hitched to polished sulkies. He patted a nervous horse, as he spoke to one of the men. "Mornin', Lem—This Buck-eye Boy sure is a purty feller. Better watch out, though. Them men over thar is fixin' t'electrocute any horse who goes in front of the stan's. Seems like they coulda picked some other time, but bein' city folks, they probly d'know horses run in the mornin'. Watcha think o' the night races, Lem?"

"Sounds okay, if we git it. Shame ta have the fairgrounds used only onct a year. But they say the town ain't takin' t'kindly t'it. 'Fraid o' the bettin'."

'Wall, no wonder. Fool Titustown *Telegraph* tellin' 'em racin's gam-blin', when it's horses and knowin' how ta train 'em and drive 'em. What beats me is the *Telegraph* comin out 'against us havin' two meets a year. Young Stone may own the paper, but he's got no business livin' in Bay-ville and tellin' Titustown what it's goin ta do.'

"I never heard they was so pure in Bayville," Lem grinned.

The horse threw up his head at Mr. Chaffee's sudden chuckle. "Wall, gotta be gettin' 'long. Sary's worrin' if I ain't home on skejul now that my pump ain't so good. I'm warnin' ya, Lem, watch out fer the doctors. When they get a hold on ya, everythin goes wrong."

"So long, Ed, be seein' ya 'round. Give my regards ta Miss Sarah. An' ya let the youngsters take care o' the racin'—this rilin' up ain't good fer nobody nohow."

"Aw, fiddlesticks, a little talkin' and persuadin' never did a body any harm, but even if it did, with ole Doc Smead checkin' up and Sary on my tail, I ain't gotta chance ta do mucha anythin', said Mr. Chaffee. The

lines in the old, leather-tan face were deep as he gave the horse a final pat. "See ya soon, Lem."

Lem Taylor climbed on the gaudy sulky and led Buck-eye Boy out on the track, while Mr. Chaffee watched with envious eyes. Lem touched his cap and was off at a fast trot. "Sure is a nice li'l horse. Wish I could drive 'im. It'd feel good ta be backa a horse ag'in." Mr. Chaffee's thoughts were busy as he mounted his brown gelding, Billy, and rode slowly off. "Seems ta me they oughta pave this road. Been talkin' 'bout it fer years but ain't done anythin' 'bout it. If the racin' people got in, they'd probly see t'it. Looks like they're goin' ta have a tough time o' it, though. But I ain't licked, yet. No sweet words is goin' ta sway me. I'll fight this town till my dyin' day." His ruminations had carried Ed Chaffee into his own street close by the fairgrounds, and he rode up to the old clapboard house with a determined air.

"It's about time you two showed up. What have you been up to?" called Miss Sarah.

"Oh, jest busyin' 'bout next door. They're settin' up that loud-speaker business. Only investment the Board can make, they say. Naow, I was thinkin' that if they signed with the Racin' Commission, they wouldn't have a care, but they don't see it that way. Jest can't unnerstan' why all their common sense has flew the coup. All they see is the gamblin' end. Jiminy, what $150,000 would do fer that track!"

"Now, father, you know you're not well enough to take this on. Let someone else do something for a change."

"Nope—Ta get anythin' done proper in this world, ya gotta do it yourself."

"We'll see what Doc Smead has to say about that. He'll—"

"Hang with Doc Smead! I'm fit as a fiddle with all the restin' ya put me to. Anyhow, the Doc wouldn't unnerstan'; he drives a auto. Mornin', O'Hara," he said to the red-faced postman coming up the drive.

"Top o' the mornin' t'ye, Sorr, Miss Sarah, and how be ye this warm day?"

"First rate, son. Didn't know you was on this route."

"For the day only, I am. 'Tis Timothy who's off. He works for the Fair Board himself, and turrible upset he is about the trouble they're havin'. Back in the auld country, a little bet here and a little bet there never brought a man ta grief."

"Some people jest can't let a man do what's natural, O'Hara. Any mail fer us in that pack o' yours?"

"One letter's all to-day, Sorr." He handed out a long, official looking envelope, with an apologetic smile, as though it were his fault that the mail was not more interesting. "Sure an' somebody's writing the whole street an' the same, for the bag is full o' thim."

"Probly an ad, but thanks fer bringin' it," Mr. Chaffee said as he

tore the flap open. "An don'tcha worry none 'bout not bein' able ta bet, we're seein' ta that."

"Good luck, Sorr—if y'need any help, it's me an' me cousin, Timothy Flynn, ye can count on."

The postman hesitated for a moment, wondering whether he should repeat what he had said or go on with his route, because Mr. Chaffee, glancing quickly over the typewritten page, was too preoccupied to notice. Finally O'Hara smiled in response to Miss Sarah's whimsical shrug and moved to the house next door.

Mr. Chaffee was too angry to talk. He wheeled Billy and clattered into the stable, unsaddling the gelding in furious silence. Presently his lean figure came striding along to join Miss Sarah on the porch.

"Jest fancy that, will ya?" They've sent me a questionnaire to find out my viewpoint on gamblin'. That don't show much sense. They're not authorized ta send litachure 'round. But, o' course that wouldn't bother Stone, him livin' in Bayville an' all. I can't reach him, but that puppet o' his better be on tap. Wanta know what I think, do they? I'll tell 'em. They think I'm old an' have ta watch myself, but I ain't as feeble as all that. Nobody's gonna sen' me a petition 'bout this stuff an' not 'spect ta be hearin' from me. Why, the idee! There's not a critter in this town but what knows that I'm agin this campaign. So they wanta put my name down with a lotta sissies. I'll tell 'em."

With that he bolted from the porch and slammed into the house before Miss Sarah could say aye, yes, or no. She jumped up to follow, then sank back. Doc Smead had warned that the old heart could stand no excitement, but any remarks of hers would only add fuel to the fire raging in Mr. Chaffee. For sixty years Miss Sarah's father had been the ultimate authority in all matters pertaining to the horse races at the Fair, as well as the town fount of information on all questions concerning the Horse. Now, Titustown had the opportunity of becoming an important track on the Grand Circuit, with all the pomp and color that was life to the old man; and Titustown, incredibly, was of two minds on the subject.

A short time later, Mr. Chaffee stalked through the newspaper office and strode to the manager's door, leaving an open-mouthed receptionist in his wake.

"Sam," he shouted, waving the petition in Sam Healy's startled face, "I wanta know what's the meanin' o' all this."

"Why, Mr. Chaffee, it means just what it says. We're counting on your support in this campaign we're waging."

"Oh, y'are, are ya? Countin' on a horse man ta get in cahoots with a lotta gasoline smellers."

"We're sending petitions to all the responsible citizens, sir."

"There's a lotta this town knows better than ta be sidin' with ya. Keepin' horses off the track goes 'gainst the grain."

"Now, Mr. Chaffee, be reasonable. It isn't just the racing end of it. It's all the gambling that goes on in this county. Since the scandal about the Casino de Monaco, the whole state has been in an uproar about this county's being wide open. It's up to the responsible citizens, whom I'm representing, to put a stop to it," proclaimed Healy seriously.

"I'm not kickin' 'bout the slot machines and the rest o' that; I'm talkin' 'bout horse racin'. A little clean fun ain't harm. Say, I hear ya had a purty fair tip on Ranglemite. Musta made a mint o' money with those odds," said Mr. Chaffee with a glint in his eye.

Sam laughed, "You've got me there." He drummed on the desk and then looked up with an air of surrender. "I'll think over what you say, Mr. Chaffee."

"Yep, good money in bettin' fer the smart uns. Wall, know you're busy, Sam. Reckon I'll see ya at meetin'."

"I'll be there, sir."

Mr. Chaffee closed the door softly and pranced out of the office, winking at the receptionist in passing. "That'll give 'im somethin' ta chank on," he said with satisfaction and whistled as he started home. A pain ran out to the fingers of his left hand, and something, the heart perhaps, made him a little giddy; but he was at peace with himself and obeyed Miss Sarah's order to rest with nothing more than an indulgent snort.

It was common knowledge that the Fair Board convened at 7:30 P. M. on the first Tuesday in very month, but nobody ever paid much attention to the fact. On that Tuesday, however, the convention room of the City Hall was packed with spectators by 7:15. When Mr. Chaffee and the owner of the Titustown *Telegraph* took seats at the opposite ends of the hall, a knowing murmur spread over the crowd. There would be plenty of fireworks in store. Promptly at 7:30 the members of the Board filed in and took their places. Chairman Brown opened the meeting with his customary welcome to the Board and guests. After the preliminaries were dispensed with, Chariman Brown called for discussion of the night races. Mr. Chaffee stepped forward and faced the Board.

"Guess ya all know where I stan', boys. There's only one way to look at this question as I see it. Y'need the money, the fairgrounds needs the improvement, and the town needs the best sport there is. I say sign the contract."

"Mr. Chairman—" All eyes turned toward the new owner of the newspaper, John Stone. "These night races you're talking about are directly opposed to the campaign going on here against gambling. We realize that harness racing is popular in this part of the country, but betting on horses is as much a part of gambling as playing the slot machines is."

"Jest a minute, Bub," interrupted Mr. Chaffee. "I don't know you, but your pa an' me was pals in the old days. An' don'tcha try ta stan' thar an' say he didn't like racin'. Stone's pa," he said to the entranced audience,

"was a sucker fer a black horse. Didn't make no difference if he was blind or lame, jest so he was black."

John Stone broke in, "I like horses, too, Mr. Chaffee, but I don't like gambling, and I intend to use the *Telegraph* to see that gambling is stopped in Titustown."

The old man nodded, "I'll help ya with the roulette wheels but not racin', John. It's a clean sport. Jest shows up horse 'gainst horse, driver 'gainst driver, and' trainer 'gainst trainer. A race is what a horse man goes by. Kinda like law, ya might say."

"Ed, we know how—" This came from Mrs. David Adams, a motherly-looking woman who was known by everybody in town.

"You, too, Mag? Whatcha doin' here?" A hurt, wounded look crossed Mr. Chaffee's face for an instant as he saw many of his old friends sitting with the enemy.

"I'm representing the women's clubs, Ed."

"S'pose you're fightin' me, too. Dave wouldna been, if he was here. Dave alays did like the races. Good un that was, too. 'Member, Mag? They'd said Billy an' me was too old, but we raced anyways. Them young drivers was purty smart, but it takes us old uns ta have the tricks. Never'll fergit crossin' finish line. Heard Dave 'bove the whole crowd, yellin' an' hollerin' us on. Great feller, Dave. Yep, them was the good days." Mr. Chaffee's voice died away, and he was lost in the glorious past. The elderly spectators were remembering that famous last race and their lost enthusiasms. The younger ones were admiring the tough old man. In the opposition corner John Stone and Adolphus Moffett, the president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, had their heads together and were talking rapidly.

"Looks as though the crowd were swinging behind Chaffee, doesn't it, Dolph? Can't say I blame them. He practically has me convinced."

"Well, you've got to admit that the Commission could give this town a lift, John. The J. C.'s seem to think that business might increase up to 15% during the meets. Titustown needs recognition, and having a track on the Circuit would really put our town on the map."

"That's a point to be considered, but—"

"The vets are behind the racing proposition, too, John. They have the same theory—that the business would overbalance the gambling end of it." Adolph Moffett had served as a captain in the Infantry and was a prominent member of the American Legion.

Stone nodded rather glumly. "Looks like you win, Dolph," he admitted. "Between the Moffetts and the Chaffees, the J. C.'s, the veterans, a man might as well give up."

Just then Chairman Brown rose from his chair and asked for further discussion. There was a shuffling of feet and clearing of throats. Dolph Moffett stood and expressed the sentiments of the crowd when he said, "Mr. Chairman, harness racing is not foreign to this county. It is well

established and a common interest of all of us. The cheap gambling which has become part of this town is a recent development, and I think our town is strong enough to get rid of it. By the same token, if we clean up and stay clean, what undesirable elements are brought in by the race meets will have no reason to stay. I think Titustown will gain more than it loses from the racing, and I move that we sign the contract with the Commission." The motion was seconded by voices from every corner. The vote was almost unanimous.

Late in September the loud-speaker blared out over the brilliantly lighted track to a full grandstand. "The starting gate is in position. Here come the horses. There'll be no recall. The gate gives every horse a fair chance. Get Buck-eye Boy up there, Mr. Taylor. That's good. Here they come. They're off."

Lem Taylor's scarlet silks flashed as he rounded the turn and took the lead as they came into the stretch.

Down at the rail, O'Hara pounded his cousin, Timothy Flynn, on the back with excitement.

Sam Healy took his eyes from the track long enough to glance at Chairman Brown in the next box. "Wish the old guy had lived to see it," he said.

Back in the Chaffee stable, old Billy stirred restlessly at the faintly heard roar from the grandstand.

JULIE SMITH, *Class of '49*

Pan

Thin through the autumn woods, and clear,
A piping, but there's no one near.
Who walks this path save I alone?
Yet by this curiously-shaped stone
A footprint, faint as tracery,
Yet proof for all who stop to see
That ancient gods, on perfect days,
Still haunt their old frequented ways.

BARBARA BERGSTROM, *Class of '52*

Annihilation

With groping hands he fought the wind;
With clouded eyes he sought the sun.
He scoured the earth with human blood,
And loosed the hate in torrent flood.

FRANCES THOBURN, *Class of '50*

Double Gratitude

BEHIND the curtain of his closed eyelids; his mind was still a fog. He heard the crisp voices of the guards, and then the dull, creaking sound of heavy gates swinging open. With a jerk he felt the ambulance move forward, curving gently up the rough road. He heard the squeaking of the leather stretcher straps as they swayed in rhythm with the ambulance. Suddenly he was extremely conscious of the roughness of the blanket which covered him. While this thought was in his mind, there was a sharp swing, and then the ambulance came to a gradual stop.

Almost immediately he heard brusque voices, followed by the sound of the opening doors in the rear of the vehicle. Someone began swiftly and surely to unfasten his stretcher. A minute later, strong hands lifted it down from the wall, and again he was in motion.

As fresh air suddenly hit his face, his mind grew clearer; and the pain in the hands he knew were no longer there grew less intense.

"Easy does it," someone at his head was saying.

"Roger," replied another voice at his feet.

Then he was at rest again, and all thoughts left him as he fell asleep.

When he awoke, he slowly opened his eyes and looked around him. He saw that he was alone and in a bed at the end of a long ward. Every other bed, as far as he was able to see, was inhabited. Some men were sitting up in bed reading, others were talking to companions, and still others were lying still with their eyes closed.

"I wonder what's wrong with them," he muttered to himself; but he wasn't sufficiently interested to think any more about it. Again he closed his eyes and tried to sleep.

Later that day there was a great stir throughout the hospital. The doctors were coming to make their visits. For him, as for a great many men, this was the first time he would see his doctor, and he wore an expression of extreme apprehension. As the clock ticked off the final seconds before the visit, he saw activity cease and quiet descend.

When the great doors swung open in Amputation Ward D, it was as though a gust of wind had suddenly risen on a calm sea. Bill could not tell what it was, but there was some quality about the man who appeared to be the head doctor, and who went immediately on his entrance into the room to the desk to order the case history cards from the desk nurse. Maybe it was his steel-gray hair and piercing eyes; or perhaps it was his erect military carriage which was so commanding; but whatever it happened to be, he noticed that it commanded an instant attention.

Though the doctor demanded instant obedience from his staff, to his patients he was all gentleness and patience. Back and forth he traveled, from bed to bed, changing dressings or speaking a word of encouragement to grateful G. I.'s.

At last he came to the end bed, the last one for him to visit. Asking quietly for the card, the doctor read: Name: William Hanson, Corporal, U. S. Army, Age: twenty-three: Disability: Amputation of both hands. Occupation prior to entering service: Concert pianist.

A set look came over the doctor's face as he glanced down at the bed and at the covers where the soldier's wrists made sharp indentations. Bill's eyes were shut, but when the doctor called his name, they opened quickly. With a look of surprise Bill's gaze fell on the doctor; but when he saw who it was, his gaze became dull and uninterested.

"Bill," repeated the doctor, "I'm Dr. Murray. Can I do anything for you?"

"No, sir. Thank you, sir," Bill replied perfunctorily, as he would to any superior officer.

"Well, if I can, let me know. I'm going to do everything in my power to get you out of here as soon as I possibly can."

Whereupon Dr. Murry called for his equipment and began, quickly and deftly, to change the dressings on Bill's wrists. At Dr. Murray's first touch, Bill shifted his gaze to the doctor's hands. Even though Mr. Murray's touch was painful to Bill, he was fascinated by the quiet dexterity of his hands. When the doctor finished, he smiled briefly at Bill, then gathered his personal staff and stormed out of the door.

"Mr. Omnipotence himself," said Bill to no one in particular. "I can see that we're going to get along just fine."

For days Bill remained indifferent to all. Nothing anyone could do or say could make him become actively interested in his surroundings. The other patients would try to engage him in conversation, or the nurses would try to interest him in books or games—anything which would take his mind off himself, but to no avail. All they received were non-committal answers indifferently delivered, or blank stares. He just was not interested. Finally they all gave up their attempts to be friendly, leaving Bill to his own devices.

His preoccupation continued. The only time that Bill showed an active interest in his surroundings was when Dr. Murray made his visits. Then he watched the doctor's hands with an intentness which did not seem to surprise Dr. Murray greatly. Observing Bill's interest, Dr. Murray began to stay with him a few extra minutes each time he came, trying to become better acquainted with his patient, at first through very general questions and statements. Bill saw what Dr. Murray was trying to do, and did not like the interference. He continued to be reticent, almost unfriendly to the doctor's approaches; yet he could not help anticipating the visits. He was always so calm and sure of himself—this doctor—that Bill realized the pain in his wrists was always less intense after one of his visits, whether social or professional, and he was always able to sleep a little more easily that night. His fascination with the doctor's hands continued too. He could not help himself,—it was overwhelming.

One day, there was great excitement in the hospital. There was to be a musical show in the auditorium, and those men who were able were to go. One of the wheel chair amputees wheeled his way over to Bill's bed.

"Are you coming with us, Bill?" he asked with a grin. "It's going to be one swell show."

"No, thanks," returned Bill shortly.

The grin faded from the face of the visitor, and a look of anger crossed it as he muttered, "That's right, soldier, stay in the bed. Maybe if you stay there long enough, they'll give you an interest in it." He turned his chair sharply and wheeled away.

"Wise guy," Bill thought, angrily. "He ought to know I couldn't be near music yet, so soon after it happened."

As he lay there on his bed, looking up at the ceiling and thinking of his misfortune, Dr. Murray suddenly appeared in the doorway, not the blustery doctor he appeared to be with his staff, but a quiet, confident friend who stepped over the doorsill and made his way to Bill's bed. It was not until he had reached the bed that Bill heard anything, so lost in thought was he. Then as he felt the doctor's presence, he turned to his visitor and smiled wryly.

"Why aren't you at the show, Bill?" Dr. Murray asked.

"I didn't want to go."

"Bill, do you know what's the matter with you?"

"Do I know? Don't tell me I have yet to find that out."

"You, Bill," said Dr. Murray, ignoring the sarcastic remark, "have a great case of self-pity. Naturally I know you no longer have any hands. So does every other person in the hospital know it. If you had them, you wouldn't be here. Forget yourself for a change. Look around you. There are men here much more badly wounded than you are. Begin thinking of someone else!"

Bill suddenly came to life. He was amazed, but an even greater feeling of anger completely filled him.

"Sir," he said, "you have never had your life's dream and ambition come to a close in a split second. I worked and prayed all my life to become a pianist. Success was almost within my reach. Then I had my life blown off at Okinawa. What's left now? Nothing worth while."

Throughout Bill's speech he grew more and more excited and angry. Finally he buried his face in the pillow and burst into tears. Dr. Murray rose from his chair and walked over to the medicine chest at the end of the ward. He stood there rearranging the contents with a trembling hand. When he felt sure that Bill had regained his composure, he went back to his place next to Bill's bed and sat down.

"Bill," he said to the quiet figure on the bed, "for as long as I can remember, I have wanted to be a surgeon. I was always around when someone needed a bandage or an antiseptic. I had high hopes of being a

surgeon. There was never any doubt in my mind about my career. In fact, the dream of being a surgeon was my whole existence.

Then I went to college. My grades improved—I suppose because I was studying subjects that I really enjoyed. Anyway, I went along fine until I was twenty. Then it happened."

At these words, Bill lifted his head from the pillow. He looked wide-eyed at the doctor, but the doctor seemed oblivious to Bill's presence as he continued talking.

When I was twenty, my hands began to get rather stiff at the joints, paining me greatly. My dreams of surgery were suddenly shattered. The malady was diagnosed as arthritis. It was as though some part of me had been torn out. I felt all empty inside. What was I going to make of my life from now on? I became fascinated by hands. It was as though a magnetic force had compelled me,—I could not help myself.

Even though surgery for me was out of the question, I knew I had to be associated with medicine. I went on to finish my schooling, and, after graduation I became a general practitioner. I began to build quite a large practice; but what is more, I became deeply interested in my work. It wasn's surgery, but is was medicine.

Then the war came. I enlisted in the medical corps. I was accepted, but only with the stipulation that I could never go overseas. If I had been sent to a cold, wet place, my hands would have been useless to me. Instead, I was stationed in Arizona, where I received curative treatment. Now I hardly ever have arthritis pains, and I have become so engrossed in my work here that I don't ever want to leave it for surgery."

The depths of Bill's eyes were beyond penetration. A look of wonder and surprise came over his face. He opened his mouth to speak, but no words came; so he closed his mouth again.

"It isn't how much you have, Bill," Dr. Murray said kindly but meaningfully, "It's what you really do with what you have that counts." With that he rose and walked out of the room.

Bill lay there with his eyes thoughtfully following the doctor.

"God—God," he prayed, "I know You didn't do this to me, but here it is. What am I going to do about it? If You really are God, help me find myself. I can't stand this much longer. What can I do—or what can You do?"

The next day came, and soon it was time for the medical visits. Bill was sitting up in bed reading a book the pages of which were electrically turned, until Dr. Murray came into the ward. Then he stopped reading and sat at attention until the doctor reached his bed.

"Good morning, sir," Bill offered shyly.

Dr. Murray's look of surprise was gratifying to Bill. It was not easy for him to smile, but it did feel good to do it once more.

While Dr. Murray was looking him over, Bill said in a low voice, "Doctor, may I have permission to organize a Glee Club of the men here?"

"It's all yours, Bill," the doctor said quietly as he finished the dressing.

The next day word of the project began to get around. The response was tremendous. Every day Bill worked with the men, training their voices and making them feel really useful for the first time since they had entered the hospital. Best of all, however, was the change in Bill. Instead of the reticent, self-pitying boy, he was a man with a job, a useful citizen.

Finally the time came for Bill to acquire his artificial hands. Bill accepted the new idea enthusiastically and worked hard to make them obey his every command.

Bill was sorry to leave Dr. Murry and the Glee Club, but he could not help being excited. School was out. Now he was on his own. Then the great day at last arrived. Dr. Murray with a slightly unsteady voice, handed Bill his discharge papers and said simply, "Keep it up, soldier."

"Roger . . . Sir," replied Bill. Then his happy and expectant face grew sober as he said quietly, "I shall never forget!"

Autumn

Curtains drawn against the night;
Lamplight slanting soft, across
A bowl of russet dahlias;
The gentle fall of ashes
In the glowing hearth,
And an open book before it:
Here all the warmth of summer
Drowses, comforts, smiles
At the chill behind
The window blinds.

BARBARA BERGSTROM, *Class of '52*

The Angry Sea

An angry sea is a demon crazed,
Its white foam seething vengefulness.
Inch by inch it crawls further up on the shore,
Snatches the shells, pebbles, and debris
in its icy clutches
And dashes them to pieces upon the rocks.

MARCELLA FISHER, *Class of '51*

Plea for the Turkey

A CERTAIN C. LAMB, a man of very voracious character, has portrayed the devouring of helpless piglets as an act bringing unalloyed ecstasy to the epicure. It is apparent, therefore, that his reading public is not conscious of the mental and physical ordeal to which these wretched souls must submit. Our common acquaintance, the turkey, serves as a representative of the victims of this prodigal torture.

The turkey is the largest of the gallinaceous birds. Ranking far above the dowdy, dim-witted chicken, he is the strutting aristocrat of the barnyard. He is elegantly arrayed in plumage of a copper-bronze hue with green reflections, variously barred with white, brown, and black.

Should this patrician be subjected to such gross indignities as are thrust upon him by undiscriminating cooks? Should this magnificent fowl be reduced to the roasting pan with the plebeian hog or the clamorous chicken? Must this individual, who was so coddled throughout gawky infancy and pampered through prickly adolescence, undergo such rude abasement? This brilliant character, who was so indulged during his unlovely childhood is, now that he has grown so splendid, victimized in the meanest fashion.

This proud paragon of supercilious hauteur has died innumerable deaths after being forced to await his end in a pen with a haranging crowd of his cousins. Long before he is grasped by the uncouth hand which wrings his slender neck, he has grown insensible to further ignominy; he stares dully at his murderer. He numbly draws his last breath. He is then ungraciously doused in baths of assorted disagreeable temperatures and deprived of his modish apparel. His modesty is a thing of the past. He is now only one of a row of piteous corpses. He is disemboweled; secret possessions to which he was most intimately attached are brought to view, and, for all his assassin knows or cares, those are not the innards which will eventually be restored to him. Our bedraggled hero, the one time model of unimpeachable dignity and excellence, is now refrigerated.

Some time later the turkey is jerked from his hook in the icebox by a boorish clerk and is delivered to some callous chef. This horrid fellow takes him home and lays him on a table preparatory to roasting him. The hapless fowl is placed in a roaster with salt, pepper, and butter; and, at long last, his nudity is concealed by a cheesecloth. Into the hot, yawning oven he goes. While the turkey is crackling and sizzling in the oven, his edible insides are boiled, chopped, and mixed with a concoction composed, in part, of his own juice. When our once-proud dignitary emerges from the depths of the oven, his creamy white skin is scorched a dark brown, his mutilated legs are rigid; his appearance is pitiful to behold. He is lifted, not ungently, onto his bier. The same hands which have directed his fate ever since his purchase, seemingly eons ago, garnish the corpse with parsley and carry him to his prospective devourers.

SALLY MCKNIGHT, *Class of '50*

Conversation Pieces

I have often been amused
By social patter that is used.
For example, when we say,
"How do you do today?"
We don't want a long recital
Of how you've spent a bad nightal,
Or how your poor back aches so
You can hardly lift the rakeso.
What we really are eager to know
Is whether you've heard that our Joe
Has passed a test,
Or beaten the rest
At swimming and riding.
In you we're confiding
That our Joseph is really the best.

When we are out at a party,
And the hostess, oh, so arty,
Says, "Don't you just love that new play?"
How can we gracefully say
That an aversion to theater we have,
While the hostess continues to rave?
When the party has come to an end,
We say as friend to friend
That we've had an evening sublime.
Don't you believe it;
We'd just as soon leave it
At the hour of seven
Instead of eleven.
At parties we really don't shine.

When we say that your dress is adorable,
We usually mean that it's horrible;
We don't like the shade of green.
In fact, in that dress to be seen,
Of taste, my dear friend, you have nought.
"My dear, where can it be bought?
I'd like one like that for myself,
For I have a hat on the shelf
That would make an ensemble divine.
I just love that pretty neckline.
What's that, dear Ruth,
I'm not telling the truth?
How did you guess
That I don't like your dress?
Well, I'll bet you don't like mine!"

ROSALYN GITSON, *Class of '50*

On Beauty

WE ARE surrounded by beauty. Our day begins in the radiancy of dawn and ends in the glow of sunset. Our lives are carried on amidst the beauties of nature and the beauties of man's achievements; for as in the wider sense we live under the vaulted blue roof of the air, we live also in buildings that have been made to our design and built with our hands. The very fabric of our lives, woven emotions and deeds, though crossed with threads of ugliness, still richly shine with beauty. Tragedy and unworthy deeds do not deter the soul from clinging to a life which, even tarnished or tainted, promises beauty.

Because many people are not acutely aware of their surroundings, they are not conscious of beauty or its origin; but there are those who ponder on these things. They see that beauty is everywhere and that its immediate sources can be traced to nature and to man. Nature is beautiful to its very foundations; and all phases of its outgrowths have beauty, as the topmost branches of a tree are expressed in essence in the tips of its roots. Nature creates beauty unconsciously, for its real purpose is to perpetuate life, and beauty is only a by-product. Man, however, creates beauty consciously and unconsciously, and, when he creates consciously, bends all his energies and talents to the process of creating. Yet, because man is nature's child, he has an unconscious beauty in his very act of creation.

Man has not always consciously created beauty, however, and even now the conscious creator of beauty is the exception rather than the rule. Steadily throughout the ages man's relation to beauty has changed and grown. In the very earliest era of man, when he was hardly yet man, he stumbled through the jungles and plains, unaware of the magnificent rhythms of a world being born. He handed down to his children no work of his mind and senses. Later the omnipresence of beauty penetrated his spirit, and he developed an irrational but devotional appreciation of beauty. Out of this appreciation grew his first straining toward religion, worshipping sun and moon and rain, and his first works of art, crude but loving imitations of nature. As his mind grew and came to conceive matters more abstract, his arts submitted to the discipline of his brain, not, as formerly, to the imitation of nature. And finally man developed the sense of thoughtful appreciation, analysis, and criticism of many things, but most of all, works of beauty.

And so beauty springs from man and nature, and the seeds of beauty have lain in them both from time immemorial and have blossomed in different spirits and different manners and yet have borne fruit. What is the origin of these seeds of beauty given us? What is the initial source of beauty? That is one of the great secrets of the universe that no scientist, no philosopher, no mystic has been able to divine. Beauty's profoundest beginning and meaning are one with the secret of the world's creation, one with the secret of the purpose of man's life on earth, one with the inscrutable countenance of God.

FRANCOISE HARLEPP, *Class of '50*

The Thursday Adventure

THE Brookfield Bookmobile is a station wagon that goes out as a service of the library once a week during the summer to take books to the people living in the country. A staff of three takes books each week to those unable to come into town. These three are Miss Cutler, the librarian; Mrs. Walker, the driver; and I, the assistant. There are two definite routes that we take, and we alternate the routes each week.

I like the first route better. On these Thursday mornings I open my eyes from slumber and cautiously peek outside to discover what the weather for the day will be. Luckily the sun often shines brightly. I slip into a cotton dress and hurry down to the library to help pack the station wagon. By nine o'clock we are prepared to start, and the three of us begin our long but amusing day.

The first and second stops are much the same. As we park under a tree and open the station wagon for the people to look at the books, many sleepy-eyed children still in their night clothes swarm around us to grab for books. One little child always manages to scramble into the station wagon to pick out an adult book for her mother, who is standing at her door in a flowered housecoat fastened with safety pins and with her hair untidily put up in pin curls. As soon as we get one family pleased with their books, a merry menagerie of dogs and children comes clamoring up to the bookmobile. We, accompanied by the welcoming dogs, withdraw to the shade while the customers select their books. In a very short while it is time for us to go on to the next stop. We gaily pull away with dogs and children giving us a hearty farewell. Occasionally we have had to retrace our steps, for one of the numerous pets has crawled into the car unnoticed and has remained there. But eventually we are on our way.

The next place we arrive at is my favorite. It is composed of a small group of houses about a mile off the road. The only way to get there is by a road that could be used for a Commando course. It is so rutty and hilly that I often wonder how the station wagon stays in one piece. When we finally reach the little community, we are faced with redheads. Six or eight from one family and two or three from another have brilliant crops of hair. Sandra, Carol, Nancy, and Jane are very pretty with their bright curls, turned-up noses, and smiling rosy faces. They look so much alike that they appear as one girl at different ages. The boys, on the other hand, look like veritable imps. They have sparkling eyes, freckled faces, and fiery dispositions to match their hair. The mother, who looks like her sons, pokes her head out of the window and screeches, "Only six books now, only six books apiece!" They each take at least ten. One little tot comes up with an enormous pile of reading matter in his arms and declares stoutly. "I want these." His name, Biffy, adds to his personality. Since

he is only three, his brothers are sure he cannot read; and they proceed to take away his books. But Biffy, being of the blood, accepts none of this treatment; and he defiantly sits on them. The rest finally retract their efforts and turn their energies elsewhere. When the selected books are taken out at that stop, there are few left in the bookmobile.

When we leave this place, we stop at a cool shady spot to eat our picnic lunch. It is a welcome relief to have peace and quiet. The cool water and good food prepare us for the hot afternoon.

The first afternoon stop is again strange because of the people involved. These people are all one family—but such a big family! There are at least three sets of children who are step-sisters and step-brothers. They are certain what they are going to take out, and it is usually the same book for all of them. Since we ordinarily do not have more than one copy of each book, there is a big argument to decide who will get it. This is such a rough family that the children begin pulling one another's hair and shouting at one another. "Gimme that." "I was here first!" "Git outta the way!" are the most printable exclamations that they make. After they start yelling, fists start flying and soon a regular boxing bout begins. First one girl gets hit on the nose and then the other, in the eye or stomach. As they proceed, the fight gets rougher until one girl is forced to give in. By then everyone is exhausted, and at least the loser has a bloody nose or black eye. After the battle is over, the mother approaches; and we hear the problems of washing clothes without hot water and of keeping a house clean with so many children chasing in and out. We begin to edge away and say that we must go on to our next stop.

As we go from place to place, we discover that the children we visit during the afternoon are less of a problem because the heat has exhausted them.

An "old country" peasant farm is our final and most rewarding visit, for here we are given generous hospitality and lovely fresh vegetables. As soon as Bob, the young boy of the family, sees us coming, he goes out into the field and picks the vegetables so that they are ultra-fresh. We also are courteously invited to sit in comfortable chairs and sip cool lemonade, to regard the progress of "Mother's" hooked rug, or even to look over the newly hand-redecorated house. All these things are most enjoyable; and as we sit and talk, we are delightfully questioned about seemingly trivial but interesting matters. All good things must end, and we head for town with a car filled with vegetables and nearly worn-out books.

As we are driving back, we discuss the books people take out. We realize that even if these books are obscure, they give the people a great deal of enjoyment and let them experience people, places, and incidents that they would not otherwise come into contact with. If they receive as much pleasure from the books as we do from them, we shall be satisfied.

SALLY SEELYE, *Class of '51*

On "Baby Sitting"

I AM a firm believer that a child is, in the full sense of the word, a wonderful thing. I greatly admire his looking upon the world with the complete confidence that it is pleasant and feasible to do just as he pleases. I am also forever taken back by his amazing antics, for I am an inside witness to his world of adventure.

I "baby sit," and the fee varies with the difficulty of my little customers. For this task at my cousin's house, I believe five dollars an hour not too much. A stranger to the family might have thought that my cousin and her various playmates were very fond of me as their mistress of the day if he could have seen my arrival for one session last week. There was a sudden rush of what seemed like dozens of little gremlins, all trying to grab one of my arms or legs. Then the two immense dogs, urged on by their mistress' friendly greeting, leapt up in wild joy to lick my face and neck. Suddenly my books fell helter-skelter to the floor. All was confusion and din.

After my arrival there was a pleasant moment of solitude—quiet, wonderful solitude. The children had dispersed in all directions for the out-of-doors, and I was left alone to do my homework in the peace and quiet of the vacant house. But why are the good moments of life so short-lived? Before I had finished a theorem, I was rudely interrupted by a dainty little intruder who carried a pistol in either chubby fist and enough wood bullets to storm the First National Bank. This was "Two Gun Gwyn," the eight-year-old sharpshooter of the neighborhood. Accompanying her was my cousin, who possessed a comparatively small collection of firearms. Their eager voices informed me that they were in search of some new games to play. I racked my brain. Surely there must be some amusement that did not require an arsenal. The thought of jacks, hopscotch, or dolls did not seem intriguing to my little friends. They were interested in only the more adventurous walks of life, and left me with scorn on their sweet little faces.

At first my mind was at complete ease. Later it began to fill with countless apprehensions, for I could imagine every sort of peril encountering them during the afternoon. In the yard a deafening clamor could be heard, and I decided the safest thing to do was to investigate the situation. The skull and crossbones they had meticulously drawn with ink on a sheet immediately told me that they had set up pirate headquarters on the back porch. As I came to the door, one little buccaneer was obviously "walking the plank," or to be more exact "walking the railing." Some twelve feet below the little pirate stretched cold, hard cement—not dark, soft ocean. My heart leapt into my mouth at the thought that I was responsible for each one there. I realize that although this sort of game, according to

those who know, may be rationally and mentally helpful in developing the self-confidence of youngsters, it was making a nervous wreck out of me. Employing all my arts of child psychology, I nervously led them into the kitchen.

"Well, kids, what shall we make?" I said feebly to the insulted faces.

"Atomic hamburgers," shouted one.

"Banana splits," joined in another.

We settled on a less difficult and more digestible foodstuff—popsicles. Leaving them with careful instructions and the fundamental equipment, I returned to my studies with a relaxed mind. Surely nothing could happen in the process of coloring and freezing a liquid. Soon loud voices and cries reached my ears again. My blessed peace was shattered, and I investigated a second time. Imagine my horror as I saw "Two Gun" chopping up a large stick of firewood to make popsicle sticks! It would not have been so bad a shock if she had not been using a butcher knife half her size. The children's need was remedied quickly, for I produced several toothpicks. They stuck them into the red liquid at various angles, and the tray was taken to the refrigerator. I left the little angels at this point; my aunt had returned, and I cheerfully turned them—popsicles and all—over to her.

VIRGINIA GRAY, *Class of '51*

Riding Pegasus

Through the vastness of the night I watched him come,
Head up and arrogant, his flaming eyes a living challenge to man or beast.
Sparks flew from where his dancing hoofs
Had briefly paused and momentarily touched the ground.
Beneath his alabaster coat I saw his rippling muscles
Flexing with each movement of his graceful body;
And as he tossed his haughty head, I watched
His silver mane cut the blackness of the night.
He reared and sent the piercing cry
Of a wild stallion ringing through the stillness
As a taunting dare to all mankind.
I saw him quiver as I approached
And felt his hot breath upon my hand.
His burning eyes spoke out a growing challenge.
Somehow I mounted and firmly gripped his heaving sides;
Then we set off into the unbroken stillness of night.
As to what happened next, I cannot recall.
My memory is clouded with the spell of that hour.
There remains but one fact I am sure of today,
That I rode the unconquerable Pegasus!

BETSY MCKINLEY, *Class of '52*

"To Be, Or Not To Be"

"BOBBY, will you put down that book and help me with the dishes!" Lena screamed at her brother, who was comfortably ensconced on the springless sofa, reading a book. She gave him an angry glare as he reluctantly ambled out to the kitchen, picked up a towel, and began to dry a chipped cup.

"What are you wasting your time over now?" she asked petulantly.

"Maugham's short stories, and I'm not wasting my time. You ought to read the one I just finished. It . . ."

"I hate to read!" Lena interrupted harshly. "Even if I didn't, I wouldn't have time to anyway. Now that Mother's in the hospital, and I have to do all the work, I don't have time even to comb my hair, let alone *read*. You make me so mad! I work my fingers to the bone all day; and when you come home from school, you don't even help me with the dishes 'less I scream for you at the top of my lungs!"

Bobby recoiled under this surprising sharpness from his usually sweet-tempered sister. Wise in her ways, however, he prudently changed the subject.

"I stopped over at the church on my way home this afternoon and helped hang some of the decorations that are going to be used at the bazaar Saturday night. Are you going over to help? Sally told me to ask you."

"Why should I help hang decorations if I'm not even going to the party?" Lena demanded.

"Not going! Why not? Hasn't Joe . . .?"

"No, he hasn't. He's so shy he wouldn't ask a fly to get off his nose."

"I'll remind him."

"Robert Johnson, dont you dare!"

"You like him, don't you?"

"Of course I like him. I like him better than anyone else I know, but don't you say anything to him at all!"

"Okay, Lena. I was only trying to help."

"I don't need your help. Besides, even if he did ask me, I couldn't go, because I don't have anything to wear. We're going to have to spend so much money for the doctor and for the new baby's food and clothes that there won't even be enough left over to buy dress material. I don't see why Mom wants another brat anyway. We're having a hard enough time stretching Pop's salary as it is, without another person to feed and clothe."

"Maybe so, but it will be fun to have a new baby around to play with. The kids will think it's a new doll."

"Speaking of the kids, where are they now?" Lena sounded truly vexed.

"I saw them race out of the house after dinner while you were on the phone talking to the hospital. Don't worry. They'll show up in a little while."

"Well, I hope they do," she declared flatly.

Finishing the rest of the dishes in silence, they then went into the living-room. Bobby picked up his book, curled up like a cat on the sofa, and was soon in the South Seas with Macintosh. Lena regarded the messy room with an angry eye; then she began to move jerkily about, cleaning up. She straightened a soiled antimacassar on one chair and kicked a dilapidated truck under the fringed slip-cover of another chair. She rammed down the spotted shade on one window and adjusted the torn lace curtain. Then she got down on her hands and knees, her temper spilling out all over her face, gathering up the beaten survivors of a day's play. She had just straightened up with a load of toys in her arms when her dark mood of self-pity was rudely shattered by her brother's hearty laughter, usually a welcome sound in this bleak room. Tonight, not so.

She snapped upright with a dark frown on her face. "What's so funny?" she demanded suspiciously.

"Your face," Bobby chuckled. "You have about the sourest expression that I have ever seen, and framed with Freddie's teddie bear and Bill's and Jerry's train, it sure looks silly.

"Thanks," Lena said sarcastically. She hated to be made fun of.

"Aw, gee, Lena, snap out of it. You've never been this cross before. Please."

"Shut up."

"All right."

The sharp summons of the telephone shattered the ensuing uneasy silence. Bobby struggled out of the sagging sofa and raced to the phone. He snatched eagerly at the receiver, listened, turned to Lena and said: "Mother's pains have begun, and Daddy's with her!"

"Well," Lena began.

Further remarks were impossible because of the noisy entrance of three boisterous little boys. Their clothes were torn, and their faces were dirty, but they were exultant.

"Oh, Bobby!" they shouted. "We beat the Collins kids in a mud fight!"

"Gee, that's great!" admired Bobby.

"I don't see anything so wonderful in that," put in Lena. "All you did was get filthy dirty and your clothes all torn. "It's late. Go to bed."

The three heroes gazed wonderingly at their never-cross sister, then turned off to bed with Bobby behind them explaining Lena's unwonted sharpness.

"You see," he explained. "She feels bad because she has to work harder, and because she has less fun than the rest of us. She's worried about

Joe, too. I'll fix that part, though. I am going to call him tomorrow and encourage him. After all, he was my friend first."

They nodded understanding and acceptance of his plan; and as he turned out the light, and tucked them in, Jerry, speaking for his brothers, whispered that they were sorry to make trouble for Lena. Bobby patted them affectionately, and closed the door, bringing out their torn clothes and their apology to Lena, who was sitting in the living room, rebelliously threading a needle.

She acknowledged their apology sullenly and sewed in silence for a while. Then the thoughts whirling in her mind demanded utterance.

"Bobby?"

"Yes?"

"Do you want Mother to have another child?"

"Of course I do, and even if I didn't, there isn't much that I could do about it now. Why do you ask? Don't you want another one?"

"No!" exclaimed Lena fiercely. "I hope it dies!"

"Lena! You don't mean that!"

"Yes, Bobby, I do. What has that child to live for? What is there in this world to make it worth all the worry and anxiety and fear that goes into birth? If the baby's a girl, she'll have to drudge all day long, first at school, then at home. Lena glanced furiously at the torn and dirty shirt that she still clutched in her hand. Then she went on. "If it's a boy, he'll have to go out and earn his own living at some old dirty job that no one else would take, a job that he probably hates anyway. Boy or girl, it won't have a future worth that name, just work, ignorance, and dirt. Like us. Are you happy? I'm not. Look at our brothers, laughing and gay, all because they won a street-battle that will be forgotten in a few days. Is this any kind of life to wish on a child? Nothing to do but work; nothing to see but dirt."

Lena finished her tirade with her face muffled in Jerry's shirt and collapsed sobbing on the sofa. Bobby watched her, full of sympathy for his strong-minded sister, who had never given way to her feelings like this before, but was usually herself the comforter.

At a loss for words to console her, he sat down beside her on the couch and gently patted her heaving shoulder. He thought bitterly of their lives, of the barrenness that must blight hers, bereft, as she was, of the love of books from which he gained so much comfort and pleasure. He wished that he could for a while have the gift of persuasive speech so that he might be able to convey to her the wonderful thoughts that seethed in his mind. If only he could *speak* to her . . .

Suddenly Lena sat up, snuffed a minute, and mutely asked Bobby for his handkerchief. Wordlessly he handed it to her, and she dried her eyes and picked up her sewing again.

Silence settled down in the room, which was lit only by an ancient gas jet that shed its quavering light over the dingy carpet and chairs. Bobby struggled impotently with his fumbling tongue, trying to find words with which to break the pervading silence. Then he felt Lena's eyes upon him.

"I'm sorry, Bobby," she said softly.

"Gee, that's okay," he answered, relieved that she had spoken. "How about some music?"

"Fine."

They sat up late that night, listening to the radio and eating crackers and milk. The peace of the house seemed to be restored by Lena's returning outward mood of gaiety. She laughed and chattered; but in pauses between Bob Hope's jokes, she looked grave and thoughtful.

As they didn't want to go to bed until they had heard from the hospital, they fortified themselves with tea, curled up on the sofa, and told funny stories.

Bobby was in the middle of a nonsensical poem when the telephone bell rang, setting both of them on their feet in an instant. Bobby reached the instrument first, listened eagerly, repeating snatches of the monologue to Lena, who stood tense beside him.

"A boy . . .! Richard Henry . . .! Pop coming home . . . Thanks a lot. Good-by." He banged the receiver down on its hook and began to dance a jig in the hall. "Gee, isn't it swell! A new brother, all whole! Gosh!" He stopped his chortling suddenly as he caught a glimpse of Lena's face. "Lena! What's wrong?" he demanded, mystified.

"Oh, Bobby, it's just what I said to you before. There just isn't any use to his being born. Why is it so? Why?"

"Oh, Lena, I don't know. Nobody knows. It just is that we are here, and we have to make the best of it."

Lena stood with her head bowed, and Bobby knew that she was in the grip of a great despair. He prayed hard for the right words.

"Lena, there is a reason for being born, even for the pain and trouble that comes with being born. All good things must be worked for, and so as you work to make this house a pleasant and clean home, Mother works for her baby. Life isn't all work and pain, though. There are many things on earth that our brother will like and learn to love: sunsets, books, fights, ball-games, pictures, school-work, and people, most of all, people. People are the most interesting things on earth. They do so much that is good and lasting, and they do so much that is bad, but in the end the good outlives the bad, just as happy people are more liked and are more successful than unhappy people. You said that no one can be happy here. We can! You love Joe. I know you do. You will marry him, and love him, and be happy in the knowledge that he is happy, too, because you made him so.

"Do you see, Lena, that we each have a responsibility toward the people of the world to be as happy and as useful as we can? We must all try to do our bit toward building a happier and better world, even if all we do is give it future citizens with clean and mended shirts." Bobby indicated Jerry's shirt that was lying forlornly on the couch where Lena had left it.

He gazed anxiously at Lena to see if his words had taken effect. He saw no sign but a glitter of eye. He was satisfied.

Lena spoke. "Good-night, Bobby," she said softly.

"Good-night, Lena,"

They parted. Bobby went to the room that he shared with his three brothers. Lena walked slowly into the living room and turned out the light. The moonlight streamed in between the sagging curtains upon the rumpled and mud-stained bit of cloth lying on the couch. She stared at it for a minute, and then picked up and idly pushed the needle through it a few times.

She stared into the moonlight for a minute; then, pressing the bit of cloth to her cheek, she murmured smilingly to herself, "I wonder if Joe likes to wipe dishes."

ALICE GORTON, *Class of '50*

Requiem

The night is dark for me and him,
My precious cargo.
The sun has not yet risen.
The journey is long,
But night will cover us gently
As we traverse the highway going home.
We are moving down the aisle of a great cathedral
Formed by the branches of the trees
Which loom tall above us.
The headlights cast their beams ahead
Through the gloom
To the hills of home.
A numbness grips my heart
And slowly eases the pain
Born of the realization that we must part.
But we shall meet again, love,
When I come home to stay.

PATSY DUDLEY, *Class of '49*

On Falling Asleep

AS OUR approach to living has evolved into something bordering on the frantic, sleep has changed from a simple state of rest which refreshes the mind and body to a struggle to attain a prescribed number of hours of insensibility per day. Approximately one third of our lives, eight hours out of every twenty-four, is spent in various stages of this relative unconsciousness. The general public seems to manage the whole problem with very little trouble, but I simply cannot understand how it can be done.

When I was very small, I had no trouble in going to sleep; but the older I become, the harder it is for me to gain entrance to the Land of Nod. Some people use eye shades and ear plugs; some take sedatives and drink hot milk. Eye shades annoy me, and ear plugs make me uncomfortable; sedatives are not healthy, and I detest milk in any form. I am forced to rely upon nature, and at the rate I am going I shall be a haggard wreck by the time I am twenty.

One of the most horrible aspects of the situation is that it assumes such monstrous proportions in the imagination. Several months ago when I closed my eyes every night, I would find myself in a dilemma which resembled a specimen of surrealism by Dali, an impressive commercial nightmare. There I was, stranded on a barren plain located somewhere between consciousness and sleep and surrounded by straight lines and leering alarm clocks. As a veteran of the War with Sleep, I have encountered my enemy in all of his protean shapes; but none were so exasperating as this. With a snarl and a laugh Sleep would elude me completely and disappear through a portal which might appropriately have been labeled "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." I would search for Sleep through the endless mazes and unfathomable shadows of my mind until I was exhausted. Then, when I despaired of ever being able to sleep again, my quarry would sneak up on me and put an end to my immediate problem with his blackjack.

After many months of this aggressive approach, which accomplished very little in the way of relaxation, I decided one day to try a more passive attitude. I convinced myself that Sleep was not the monster he seemed to be, but that he was more probably a kindly old benefactor whose function it is to equip people with midnight-blue balloons and to leave them suspended between two worlds, free from the ponderous sandbags of worry and tension. Having successfully deluded myself, I climbed confidently into my bed that night, turned out the light, and lay down to await my balloon.

I had a long wait. For three hours I lay there staring up at the ceiling in the darkness and watching the branches outside my window form weird shadow patterns across the wall. Slowly but surely I became aware of the clock, which was ticking off the minutes with a maddening accuracy. Being erratic by nature, I try to aspire to accuracy because it is so widely

admired; but deep down inside I harbor a primitive aversion to anything which embodies precision. On occasion this latent hatred rears its ugly little head and refuses to be squelched without appeasement. In this case I could not rest until I crawled back into bed, after having submerged the pseudo-time bomb in the bathtub.

I passed another hour or so imagining that the mattress was inhabited by gophers, that the sad-eyed hound in the picture over the desk was winking at me in the moonlight, that I was a failure in life at the age of sixteen, and that I had forgotten to put out the cat. At last completely disillusioned about my "kindly old benefactor", I decided to stay awake for the rest of the night and then cried myself to sleep in a fit of remorse for having ruined a perfectly good alarm clock.

By this time I have reached the point where I can fall asleep with much less mental anguish, but the process is still so trying that it would be easier to stay awake. As a result, I often get the days and nights mixed up and have a terrible time straightening them out again. It is very lonely to sleep all day and be wide awake all night.

Since I am often awake during most of the time that everyone is snoozing except night watchmen and hoot owls, I prefer companions who require little sleep; but as luck would have it, four out of every five friends I have fall asleep at the drop of an eyelid. I spend hours just twiddling my thumbs and waiting for my sleepy friends to wake up. People who can sleep on public conveyances and in theaters are a constant source of wonder to me. One day at the movies we sat directly behind a bald-headed gentleman who snored loudly throughout the entire main feature in spite of the fact that several charming little urchins persisted in bombarding him with popcorn and heckling him with "Hey Pop! Why don't ya go home ta sleep?"

Sleeping Beauty did not budge until, admiring his ability to go on sleeping, I murmured quietly, "What a great talent he has."

He apparently heard me, because he roused himself, turned to look at me in surprise, and then was off like a shot to a more remote seat, where he resumed his interrupted nap.

My nightcap is off to people like that somnolent gentleman, because I would rather be insensible eight hours a day like everyone else than be awake all night feeling that I was just born tired.

NANCY MCARTHUR, *Class of '49*

Self-Pity

I sat me down by the water's edge,
And my tears were as bitter-sweet as angostura,
Intoxicating my mind and blinding my eyes
Until I could no longer see the river flowing on beside me.

JANET NUTT, *Class of '49*

The Odyssey—Last Book

INTRODUCTION

THE boiling sun beat down with punishing heat upon the bare back of a tired and discouraged archaeologist. He had been digging at this curious mound for many months. With a sigh he swung his pick with all his might into the sun-baked earth. He thought he heard a dull clank. He dug frantically. Something shone before his unbelieving eyes. He saw a small gold chest. It was decorated with a figure of a tall, stately woman wearing a golden breastplate.

He pried open the lid and saw a yellowed manuscript, written in faded characters of ancient Greek. He hurried to his small hut and began to translate:

THE ODYSSEY — THE LAST BOOK

The noble Odysseus, near kin to Zeus, now an old man, with his back against an olive tree, was dozing in the sun. The golden sunlight danced in his long silver hair and warmed him to the soles of his feet. A small boy attempted to wake him from his peaceful slumber. This was his grandchild, young Poias, the sixth son of Telemachus. He jumped on the lap of his grandfather.

"Grandfather," he pleaded, "tell me the story about the Cyclops, please!"

The old man pretended to be angry with the boy for having waked him, but Poias was not to be fooled.

The wise Odysseus said, "How many times must I tell it to you, boy? I should think that you would know it all by heart."

"Then think and tell me a new story," the boy begged, "one that you have never told before."

"Well, if you really want a true tale," said the noble son of Laertes.

He cast his mind back over the long years. "How many years has it been," he thought, "since I rid my house of the shameful suitors?"

Slowly the teller of tales began. "I will tell you, Poias," he said, "a true story. Pay heed! None of those tiresome, too often told adventures ever happened to me. With the help of my friend, the noble grey-eyed Athene, daughter of all powerful Zeus, I wove together a fabrication of those many tales."

"But, Grandfather," the lower lip of the youngster quivered slightly, "Why did you tell them to everyone? I do not believe you!"

"Child, this is the first time since I returned to Ithaca that I have told the truth," said the noble teller of tales. He continued, "Towards the end of my twenty years away from home, Athene reminded me that Penelope, your good grandmother, still believed me to be alive. I would have come home immediately, but the grey-eyed daughter of Zeus detained me."

"Dear, wise Odysseus," she said, "do you think that you can just walk into your lofty pillared hall in Ithaca, having been away twenty years, without explaining where you have been?"

"We put our wits together and produced those tales to tell your grandmother."

"But," protested the boy, "you always made them sound so real."

"So real," sighed the son of high-born Laertes, "that I began to believe them myself. Now run along, boy, and let your old grandfather sleep."

The mighty Zeus smiled down upon Odysseus from his lofty throne in the clouds. The stately grey-eyed daughter of Zeus, Pallas Athene, gravely winked at her father.

JEAN ALEXANDER, *Class of '52*

"I Seen de World!"

TWO aged Negroes, their white hair gleaming in the noonday sun, stand on a wharf as a steamer comes slowly to anchor.

"I sure would like to see de world 'fore I dies, 'Gustus. Must be somethin' mighty like heaven to see de world in one of them there steamers, eh, 'Gustus?"

"Reckon so, Amos, if that's the way yo' looks at thin's."

"Ain't yo' sure? Wouldn't yo' give all de years of yo' life to sail around de world in a beautiful boat like this here steamer?"

" 'Pears mighty big an' proud like to me. Reckon I wouldn't know how to act on a gran' boat like that."

"But 'Gustus, think of all them famous places yo'd see an' all the different countries! Wouldn't be borin' like life here 'bouts is."

"Seems to me, Amos, I'd feel mighty queer in those places with people talking so's yo' don' know what-all dey says."

"But 'Gustus, wouldn't yo' like to get educated 'fore yo' dies? Get book learnin', so's yo'd know what life's about?"

"Oh, reckon I knows de world purty good, Amos."

"But where yo' been? Yo' jus' stayed here and grew your cotton an' corn an' tatoes. I don' call that seein' de world! Sure would like to go places on this here steamer, 'Gustus. Jus' look at her now. Ain't she purty?"

" 'Pears not as purty as de sun goin' down at night, Amos."

"But ain't she gran'?"

" 'Pears not as gran' as de first day of spring."

"Look how straight her masts are, 'Gustus!"

"Not so straight as a stalk of corn in August."

"Must be mighty like heaven to see de world on her, 'Gustus."

"Oh, I don' know, Amos. Reckon I seen de world!"

BETSY FROLKING, *Class of '49*

The Spirit of Justice:

The Biography of Samuel H. West

IN THE MIDDLE of the nineteenth century a small band of pioneers left their homes and friends in Ohio to make a new home at a crossroads in Iowa. When these pioneers had established their little village in Lynn County, Iowa, they summoned their Baptist minister from Ohio to join them. Samuel West, accompanied by his wife, Margaret, and their small daughter, answered the "call" and migrated to Lynn County. They made the trip with their meager possessions in a horse-drawn wagon. The few animals walked at the side of the wagon. Samuel soon established his Baptist church, and the Wests were settled in Iowa.

Since the ministry rendered a very scant salary to Samuel, it was unavoidable that his family was reared in poverty. Margaret was a typical pioneer woman: she enjoyed robust health, she read her Bible daily, and she was of fine and noble character. Stories are told how she vigorously chased away and shot at the thieving, stealing Indians who came to the house and how she fed and took care of the poor begging Indians who came to her with coarse, outstretched hands.

On July 7, 1872, Samuel Hardman West was born to this righteous, sturdy, and kind pioneer couple of humble circumstances. Most of young Sam's boyhood was spent working at odd jobs. It was necessary for him to help support his mother and his older sister by working after school hours. To work his way through high school he took up telegraphy at the Iowa Central Railroad. Sam did have time for an occasional trip to the woods to hunt and fish. He especially loved to go out with a group of young friends to ice skate on the river or to hunt and fish in the neighboring woods and streams. These happy excursions were rare, however, for although he loved the out-of-doors and his small group of friends, he had to spend his extra time at hard work. He was an industrious, serious worker who was fully conscious of their poverty at home. He was very devoted to his energetic mother, and he naturally worked as hard as possible to help maintain her comfort. Young Sam was taught to read by his mother. Once he had learned, he became an avid reader. As a boy Sam developed qualities which were the basic threads in the tapestry of his greatly respected life: his conscientiousness and industry, his seriousness and sensitiveness, and his deep spirituality.

When Samuel West at eighteen years of age was working at the Iowa Central Railroad, his uncle, William H. West, who had recently gone blind, summoned young Sam to his law office in Bellefontaine, Ohio, to help him with literary and legal material. William H. West, a very prominent, active judge of the Ohio Supreme Court and a lawyer of fame in Ohio, had resumed his law practice in Bellefontaine at the law office of

West & West, because of the loss of his eyesight. Young Samuel left his home in Iowa to join him.

Samuel spent his time at the law firm in the companionship of his famous blind uncle. Young Sam read from law books and law cases to his uncle. He read faithfully and with interest. With Samuel's aid the uncle was enabled to continue with his law practice. This immediate acquaintanceship with the intricate and involved matters of law had a real influence upon young Samuel. He decided upon law for his vocation.

Unlike many of the great legal minds of his generation, Samuel did not have the advantage of college or law school training. He studied for the state bar examination in the firm of his uncles of his own effort and volition. His insatiable desire for legal knowledge was satisfied as he read and grasped the detailed texts of all available law books and the decisions in all previous law cases. His natural aptitude and ceaseless, determined study gave him the essential knowledge to pass the state examination, and he was admitted to the Ohio bar in 1893 at the age of twenty-one.

He joined the law firm of his uncles in Bellefontaine, Ohio, the county seat of Logan County. His success in a few small cases made the small town aware of this capable young attorney. This tall, quiet lawyer established a solid reputation for himself because he had the knack of getting down to facts. There was no show or oratorical demonstration about his court proceedings. He was hard-headed, unflustered, and matter-of-fact in arriving at the basic truths of a case. He expressed these truths in clear, simple language. He never appealed to his jury emotionally. His cool, keen, "simply expressed logic had a chilling effect on the fevered oratory of his opponent." With this reputation it was quite natural that when he ran for city solicitor of Bellefontaine a few years later, the citizens elected him. Another election time came around, and Samuel was elected prosecuting attorney of Logan County. His term of service was interrupted in 1898 when he enlisted as a private in the Spanish-American War. He never saw actual fighting in that war. Samuel returned to Bellefontaine and resumed his prosecuting attorney position, which he held for seven years.

In 1903, Samuel retired as prosecuting attorney to become state senator. In the first term he was elected to succeed Warren G. Harding, who became the lieutenant governor of Ohio. He served actively as a senator for five years until 1908, when he retired from politics. He went to Dayton, Ohio, as the general attorney for the National Cash Register Company. The president and founder of this company was John H. Patterson, a very peculiar and eccentric fellow who insisted that his executives ride horseback every day to keep "fit" and eat the particular health foods that were in vogue at that time. Samuel left this highly paid establishment because he did not wish to have his exercise and diet prescribed by his idiosyncratic employer. Then he returned to Columbus, where he entered

into partnership with a very close friend, John F. Wilson, one of the most outstanding lawyers in Ohio.

In 1910, Samuel West came to Cleveland as assistant counsel for the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, which later was absorbed by the New York Central Railroad. A few years later the chief counsel died, and Samuel became the New York Central Railroad's chief legal authority in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York. Until he was compelled to devote his entire time to the railroad, he was a senior member of the firm of West, Lamb & Westenhaver in Cleveland.

In 1928 Samuel's close personal friend, Judge D. C. Westenhaver, an outstanding federal judge, died, leaving a vacancy on the District Court bench. In December 1928 President Coolidge appointed Samuel West federal judge of the United States District Court. Samuel gave up a very satisfactory position at the railroad to become federal judge. He accepted this judgeship with humility and a deep sense of honor.

Judge Samuel West dignified the Bench. He had a judicial mind which had been thoroughly trained in the law. He commanded respect for the law, respect for the court, and respect for the Constitution. He had the habit of finding out the true, basic facts of a case before they were presented in his court. He possessed a piercing shrewdness of judgment that instantly detected falseness, chicanery, and deception. There was never any tomfoolery in his court, because he tolerated no attorneys to stray from the immediate issues before the court. Judge West had the command of irony and sarcasm that could tear apart, and his anger was a thing to be avoided. A story is told about the session in which a young attorney had pleaded his client, a narcotic law violator, guilty and was making the customary plea for clemency.

"Your Honor, if the court please, this story rightfully begins one snowy winter night twelve years ago in Flanders fields," the young attorney commenced eloquently.

"Oh, no, it doesn't," said Judge West laconically, leaning over the bench and shaking his head.

Judge West's intellectual integrity, which held no bias or prejudice, was maintained by a sympathetic viewpoint and a courageous will. He had a high concept of judicial ethics. He avoided social friendships with attorneys and all outside contacts with anyone likely to have contact with his court. He was thoroughly impartial to all who were tried before him. He was fearlessly honest and nothing could uproot his decisions. He was a firm judge, but a very just and fair one. His court was conducted in simple dignity. He had a keen sense of duty, and he was an indefatigable worker. He sought no public acclaim, and he avoided the glare of a spotlight. He was the quintessence of modesty. There was no hypocrisy in his manner or character. His decisions and his court were respected for

the justice which they represented. When Judge West died on October 5, 1938, the Bench lost a truly fine lawyer and highly respected judge.

Samuel West's personal life was as gratifying to his family as his professional life was to the bar. In 1900, Samuel married Marguerite Laurence Miller of Bellefontaine. She was a popular young belle who was known for her beauty and charm in and around Bellefontaine. She was gifted in music and the arts. She had a mind of her own. She was dearly loved by all who knew her. Her youth, beauty, talent, and character were an inspiration to the promising young lawyer who never, for himself, desired or demanded appointment or public acclaim. They were deeply in love. Samuel and Marguerite had three children, two older daughters and a son. Two weeks after the birth of their son in 1905, Marguerite died. Her unexpected and sudden death was a tragic incident in the life of the young state senator. He badly needed the encouragement, companionship, and love of his young, attractive wife. Because he was so modest and shy, he did not exert himself to enter the social activities of his city. Marguerite, however, was so charming and congenial that all types of people were attracted to her by her gay and amiable disposition. With the death of Marguerite the whole responsibility of rearing three young children rested heavily on Samuel's shoulders. In his struggle to recover from the shock of her death, he devoted himself more seriously to his work. He also devoted himself freely to his paternal responsibilities, for he dearly loved his children.

In 1909, Samuel (called Pop by his children) remarried. His wife's name was Elizabeth Griffen. She was a good woman who provided a good home for his three children. In 1918 during a flu epidemic, Elizabeth became sick and died.

In 1926, after many years of loneliness, Pop married Marietta Hyde from St. Johnsville, New York. She was the head of the English Department at East High School in Cleveland and the author of many high school English textbooks which were used widely throughout the country. They read and travelled together. Pop was an admirer of the classics, and he read them constantly. Pop and Marietta were very happy together.

Pop had a number of close personal friends from Bellefontaine with whom he went fishing each year in Canada. These fishing trips with the same men continued for about twenty five or thirty years. Occasionally Pop took his son on these annual trips. Together the men would enjoy the fishing and hunting, good cigars, an occasional nip, recalling old times, and one another's good company.

The farm of Marguerite's grandfather was bequeathed to Pop. He found pleasure in caring for this possession. He was very much interested in the up-keep and welfare of the farm. He made many trips to southern Ohio personally to look after the farm. Once as he was leaning against the threshers, he turned and remarked to his companion: "Those are the

men who are really doing the worth-while things of life. Our work is not comparable to theirs."

Pop had a keen sense of humor. He would often tell a subtle, sly joke which only stupid people would not get. He showed his understanding of humor when he silently crinkled his eyes and chuckled to himself.

Pop was a devoted father. He wanted to do everything for his children. The relationship between father and son was especially close. They enjoyed many things together. Their admiration for each other was beautiful. They had the utmost confidence in each other's decisions and actions. They held each other in very high esteem. Their regard for each other was never diminished. Pop also had a patriarchal influence over his many cousins and relations. He took care of the family because it was his honor, not his duty. He was responsible for the closeness of the family relatives. The West family remains today as one unit which is very closely bound by family contacts and traditions. We love to be together.

It seemed very hard personally to know Pop. He was outwardly very cool, strict, and reserved. He gave the impression of not seeming interested in other people's ideas or activities. Underneath he was very soft and kind-hearted, but not many people were interested enough to find out what he was really like, since his cold appearance repelled anyone seeking out a carefree, jovial man. To his children he was the emblem of integrity, hard work, conscientiousness with regard to duty, and justice. He was very strict, and his word was a command. He would click his fingers and demand action. At the dinner table the mood of the meal was established by the mood in which Pop was absorbed. If he came to the table chuckling, the rest of the family would laugh with him; if he seated himself in a thoughtful mood, the family would eat the dinner in silence rather than incur his anger. During one Sunday dinner of turkey, while Pop was carving, he became so annoyed with the dull knife, the size of the bird, and confusion made by the servants that no one dared to speak until he had calmed down sufficently to start the conversation. On Sunday afternoons he would choose his favorite cane and go for a stroll, not a walk. Even as one watched him stroll, accompanied by the individual swing of his metal-tipped cane, one was impressed by the magestic air which always encircled him. It is hard to imagine that any neighborhood children would approach him with their questions and remarks. He could not be approached by anyone because of his stern, frank, piercing look. It was hard to be at one's ease in his presence. However, his heart was always open to the troubles and woes of any man's life. He was always very generous and warm-hearted. It is too bad that not many outside people were acquainted with this side of his character. He always looked like a stern judge, but he was really very humanly generous, understanding, patient, and kind-hearted.

Pop had a very full and gratifying life. He witnessed his share of sorrows and joys, disappointments and happiness. His duty was to the bar and the bench, and he served it unselfishly. His personal duty was to his beloved children, and he cared for them devotedly. When Judge West died, his many friends, lost not only an ideal lawyer and judge, but also a praiseworthy citizen.

If Judge West had been living at the time of the founding of the new Republic of the United States, he would have been one of the outstanding figures of the day. Because he believed in what was right, he was not afraid to express his personal opinions or thoughts about a matter. He believed in truth and justice. He would fight for his ideals. He had integrity, discretion, and common-sense. His principles and convictions were the principles and convictions on which the Republic was established and by which the Constitution was drawn. If Judge West were living today, he would probably decry "fair deal policies" and champion the cause of free enterprise and the dignity of the ambitious human individual. His own individual worth was beyond comparison. He believed in the great worth of the individual.

SALLY WEST, *Class of '51*

End of Day

Rustling pines growing in the woods
Shadows
Mingled with the late day's sunlight

A cabin set off by a clearing
A boy
Chopping wood for a blazing fire

A dog barking in anxiety
A man
Coming home for the evening meal

The supper finished by candlelight
A woman
Stitching her calico clothing

Rustling pines growing in the woods
Shadows
Blended with the blackness of night

MARTHA MCCASKEY, *Class of '52*

Jephthah's Daughter

BRIEF and abrupt as her history is, I think there is no more poignant character in the *Old Testament* than Jephthah's daughter.

She flashes suddenly, enchantingly, upon the gloomy stage of the book of *Judges*. Her father, a mighty captain of the Israelites, is returning in triumph from a campaign against the "children of Ammon." Perhaps swift outriders on desert ponies or camels have warned her of his approach. Perhaps it is merely a large dust cloud on the horizon.

We see her, in imagination, hastily robing herself in her best, this young daughter of Jephthah, determined to be the first to welcome her victorious father home. We see her hurrying her servant-maids, calling for scarfs, calling for her timbrel. She will greet her father with music.

There she stands, poised on the threshold. He nears with his retinue of dusty, battle-stained attendants.

> "Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house, and, behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances . . ."

What is this strange transformation in the great man of victory? His head droops, his face is twisted in anguish, for

> "she was his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter."

Alas for the poor, young, gay, dancing girl. Unknown to her, her father had sworn a dark vow, a vow that he would sacrifice to God the first thing that came forth from his house to welcome him, should he be victorious over the "children of Ammon." Picture the misery of this meeting, that was to have been all joy. Picture to yourself, if you can, the utter courage of Jephthah's daughter when she was acquainted with her father's promise.

> "And she said unto him, my father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth."

With these words the young maiden set aside her entire life, asking only a respite of two months in which to

> "go up and down the mountains, and bewail my virginity, I and my fellows,"

that is, to retire to seclusion with her handmaidens and mourn her own unfulfilled destiny.

Here we have indeed a feeling of deep religious emotion and filial devotion. What passed in those two months we shall never know. The

Biblical account is very brief. Perhaps there were many temptations to escape her dire fate; certainly there must have been opportunities. But

> "it came to pass at the end of two months, that she returned unto her father, who did with her according to his vow which he had vowed."

That is all we know of the courageous, devoted little daughter of Jephthah, a teen-ager who had grown up suddenly and faced life at its bleakest. Let us give her all honor like the daughters of Israel who

> "went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephthah the Gileadite four days in a year."

BARBARA BERGSTROM, *Class of '52*

"Ride a Cock Horse"

"COME along now! You don't want to be late for your lesson, do you, Sweetie? You know how much you'll love riding once you've had a few lessons. Why, Daddy and Mummy used to ride all the time!" an apprehensive mother is saying to her young daughter, trying to convince the unhappy child that she will like to ride horseback.

In reply to Mother's honeyed words, Sweetie, known to her friends as Gretchen, contorts her face and is at the point of tears as she desperately says, "I wanna go home and play; I don't wanna ride; I don't like horses!"

"But this is playing, Dearie! Why, it's just as much fun as dolls and jacks. Come now, here's a nice instructor who's going to teach you how to ride. Stop your sniffing and do as he tells you."

Reluctantly the little girl leaves her mother's side and climbs up on the mounting block.

"Why, hello there, little girl!" the always-trying-to-please instructor says. "What is your name?"

"Gretchen," she mumbles in a scarcely audible voice.

"That's fine. Now, put your left foot in the stirrup, and put your hands on Scooter's neck and the saddle. All right, swing into the saddle."

After following the instructor's directions, Gretchen looks down to the ground from the great height and immediately becomes terrified. But not wishing to be scolded for complaining to the instructor, she sits trembling while her stirrups are adjusted.

When Gretchen's horse is led from the stable into the riding ring, her stomach, already doing flip flops, begins turning somersaults. Such a commotion cannot go unobserved or uncomplained about; consequently as the instructor, Alex by name, proceeds to lead her horse around the

ring and to say: "Straighten up! Head up; shoulders back; heels down; hands low," Gretchen timidly complains of a stomach-ache to Alex. He is unable to hear her because he is rattling off a usual list of improvements in her position to her.

Gretchen, being too timid to continue her complaint, unknowingly turns to a common silent campaign. Alex, riding alongside of Sweetie, is concentrating fully on teaching her how to ride; and as he begins to tell Gretchen how to post, he gets no reply, either verbal or passive, to his promptings: "Sit up straight, Gretchen; don't lean back! Sit just a little bit forward. That's it. Why are you holding onto the saddle? It won't help you to ride. Here, take this strap around Scooter's neck if you want to hold onto something."

After taking Sweetie's hands and loosening them from their hold on the saddle, Alex is able to make her grasp the martingale strap. Because he has gotten no words from Gretchen, he asks her, "Do you want to ride?"

"No!" is the sullen reply.

"Do you like horses?"

"No!" once again.

Turning away from conversation in disgust, Alex tries to make the little girl post at the walk. "Gretchen, let's see whether you can stand up like this." Rising high in his stirrups, Alex demonstrates. "Now, let's see you do it," he says as coaxingly as possible. (Actually he is not too coaxing; he's been doing this sort of thing all day.) Gretchen makes a feeble effort and no more. "Here, lean forward; pull on the strap; and stand up," Alex says in despair. He takes her arm and raises her to a standing position. "See how easy it is? Now try again."

Another feeble attempt on sulking Gretchen's part is unsuccessful; and she cries, "I can't do it! I don't want to ride! Take me off!"

"What's the matter?" Alex says soothingly. "You're all right. Try again and I'll help you." Lifting Gretchen to a standing position and letting her drop back into the saddle, Alex feels a bit discouraged and says, "Would you like to trot? It's a much easier way to post."

Silence follows. Taking matters into his own hands, Alex begins the faster pace. Immediately Gretchen screams, scaring Scooter and Alex's horse Jeff. Both excited horses prance about and pull apart. This confusion causes Gretchen to scream more loudly, and she loses her balance. Alex grabs Gretchen's arm just as her mother appears at the ring door shouting, "What are you doing? Haven't you any control over those horses? The idea! Nearly letting 'Sweetie' fall off! And you claim to be an instructor! You let Mother's little darling off that wild horse immediately!"

She hurries over to where her daughter is dismounting and, giving Alex an indignant look, tends to Sweetie's hysteria. "There, there, Gretchen, it's nothing at all. You don't need to get so upset. The nice

horse didn't do anything. You just lost your balance; that's all."

Turning to the bewildered instructor, she says, "As for you, I don't see how you ever thought you could ride! Frightening my child by your incompetence! You ought to have the ability to control those horses. Such inadequacy is disgraceful and inexcusable! I certainly hope you don't teach other children to ride; I *know* you'll never touch Sweetie again!"

Giving Alex a last drop-dead look, she stalks out with Sweetie in tow.

ELSA LEISY, *Class of '51*

Reply to a Father and Centenarian

EVER since I have been old enough to enter into the discussion at the family dinner table, my father has told me of the necessity of moderation. At first I did not understand what he was talking about, as *moderation* was such an incomprehensible word at that tender age. Then, as my years increased, so did my curiosity. Eventually a basic understanding of this word was acquired; yet as my father continued to lecture me upon its virtues, I commenced to disagree with him. At the beginning I voiced such disagreement, only to be silenced. Arguing with a lawyer is not easy. My opinions, however, remained firm. Only my attitude was changed: daughterly indulgence was replaced by filial difference.

My feelings were not brought to a head, however, until I ran across an article on centenarians in a recent pictorial magazine. Two pages were filled with photographs of hundred-year-old personages. Beneath each picture was a caption telling to what the individual attributed his old age. One such caption read simply, "Moderation." Something within me snapped to its guard. Yes, the person certainly looked well. He was even holding a golf club! Yet a certain light in his eye seemed to be missing. There was not the same sparkle seen in the eye of the antiquated tramp who attributed his years to a carefree existence. Perhaps it was my imagination, but the eye of the man of moderation actually seemed lifeless compared to that of the vagrant. Gone was the spirit, the enthusiasm.

Yet why did one reflect life and the other not? Could it be that the life of a tramp is salubrious? Hardly. Many a vagrant has died young. In fact, it seems that the man who still sports a golf club would be in much better condition than the one who clutches a newspaper on a park bench. There must, therefore, be a reason other than health for the vagabond's apparent zest for life and the golfer's languor.

At this point let me recall my father's definition of moderation: temperance in habit and in mind. I must confess that it is not the former half of his definition with which I disagree. It is the latter. He himself practises both parts: I have never known him to be intoxicated, nor have I known him to be over enthusiastic. He does not, however, employ this

moderation to such an extent that he lacks ambition. On the contrary, he is a man of much inward force. Yet when I was a little girl, I can remember asking him the night before Christmas, "But, Daddy! Aren't you *excited?*" The same question, repeated the eve of his birthday, still evoked a negative response. "Never let your spirits and emotions carry you away, dear," he would say. This outward calmness, however, conceals the true enthusiasm which, through the years, he has learned to utilize. Nevertheless, it is not this exterior appearance of moderation that seems to me so undesirable. Instead it is moderation which lies at the very root of one's character that disturbs me.

One whose temperament is based on moderation alone does not seem to secure the utmost from life. He neither transcends the heights nor plummets the depths. How dull such a perfunctory existence would be! To experience no thrill of excitement or chill of disappointment; never to feel "on top of the world"; never to have "the blues". No wonder the vagabond emanated life! What is life but a series of ups and downs? To live on the same emotional level for one hundred years, as the centenarian with the motto of moderation, would hardly seem to extract life's value.

If all men were men of extreme moderation, this world would be a drab place indeed. Can it be that Shelley wrote "To A Skylark" without being aroused to a high fervor? Undoubtedly Wordsworth's emotions were greatly excited to inspire "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." Beethoven, also, must have been inspired to a high point of enthusiasm to compose his *Appassionata Sonata*. Brahms, also, must have cast aside all moderation in writing his ballades which arouse man's deepest emotions. Consider the realm of science: Louis Pasteur, Darwin, and the Curies. Even Christ Himself scarcely seems to have been of moderate temperament. Surely He was fired with an ardent enthusiasm, for were not His beliefs instilled in the hearts of twelve men from various walks of life? As Emerson said, "Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm."

In youth rigid moderation seems particularly detrimental. What is a youth to achieve if such severe temperance is inculcated into his very soul? To substitute moderation for drive and ambition at life's outset would seem to thwart our Creator's very purpose. Certainly in the advancing world of today there is no room for men of passive temperaments. I admit that many men feign moderation and modesty for appearance's sake. Perhaps a little of each is a good thing; but when moderation dominates the individual, it is injurious.

And so I say, dear father, and venerable centenarian, practise your moderation to a certain extent; but do not disregard enthusiasms, for it is you who influence us of the younger generation. If we are to find the cure for cancer and utilize atomic energy for everyday purposes, we must have an enthusiasm.

JUDY JOHNSON, *Class of '49*

Bon Bons versus Baseball

TUBBY, as he was called, paced slowly up and down the room. He was supposed to be engrossed in his nightly algebra, but equations and figures were far from his thoughts. Tubby was in love. No, she wasn't a pretty flaxen-haired girl with china blue eyes. His girl was real. True, she only existed from 10 o'clock at night until 7:30 in the morning. Sure, he took her on dates, dates in dreams. If those dates had only been real; if only he was the handsome young man about town as he had pictured himself to be. Tubby walked over to the mirror on his closet door. He began to scrutinize himself very carefully. His brown tousled hair could be neat when he combed it; his face might have been all right, except for the puffiness that made his cheeks look like large apples; his long arms and legs were strong. It wasn't that he hadn't tried to diet; it was just that the Sweet Shoppe was so alluring, even more so than the girls.

"Oh me, I do look a mess," he said aloud.

"Ted, have you finished your studying?" his mother called from the bottom of the stairs. With all his 180 pounds, Ted, as his mother called him, moved with amazing quickness.

"Just about through, Mother," he shouted back, as he dashed to his desk, upsetting his waste-basket and fishing rod on the way.

One hour later he finished his supposedly completed algebra. Later, when he was in bed and the bedsprings creaked to their very last spring, he said to himself, "I've got to do something about this stomach of mine." With that thought in his mind, he dropped off to sleep.

The next morning at the breakfast table after gulping down his orange juice, Tubby said, "Uh, unk, Mother, um Dad, oh . . . "

"Yes, dear," his mother looked up absently from the fashion page she was gazing at.

"Unh, unh," his father murmured, not taking his eyes from the morning paper.

"I would like to speak to you about a very important matter," their son said hurriedly.

"Yes, dear," his mother said again.

"Ah, it's about my weight," Tubby ventured. "I-ah-do think that I should be thinner."

"Yes," Mrs. Greenwood said earnestly, "I do think you should lose weight."

"How?" Tubby asked.

"Well, you can't sit around like a cow chewing her cud," his father broke in.

The clock in the hall chimed 8:30. Tubby jammed some toast and jelly into his mouth, gobbled down an egg, gave his mother a smack on

the cheek, and streaked for the door like a determinedly moving locomotive. Two seconds later the door reopened, but only to let a hand reach in, grab some books, and let the door slam, as a weighty body clumped down the steps. Mrs. Greenwood murmured, "That's our son."

"Agreed," replied George Greenwood.

Tubby hurried down Birch Street until he arrived, panting and out of breath, at Birchville High.

"Looking for Veronica Lake," Johnny Turner called out. "Go straight down the hall and turn to your right."

"You and your funny jokes," Tubby muttered to himself, even though he knew that Johnny was his best friend. Slowly he walked down the hall and turned toward the right, but not to see Veronica Lake in her sitting room, but toward Mr. Webster and his office. "He looks just like a dictionary," Tubby said to himself, and walked nervously into Mr. Webster's precise office. Mr. Webster's face was an empty mask as usual, and his tall thin body was rigid in the straight-back chair.

"Come in, Ted," Mr. Webster said, as Tubby stood hesitantly in the open doorway.

"Yes, Sir," murmured Tubby in a barely audible voice.

"Ah, sit down, Ted," Mr. Webster said, pointing to a straight-backed chair like his own.

"Ted, you haven't been going out much for athletics, have you?"

' 'No, Sir," Tubby mumbled. "But, Sir, it isn't that I don't like athletics; I really do, but the boys just won't give me a chance."

"I have some good news for you. Your best friend, Johnny Turner, has been elected captain of the spring baseball team."

At this, Tubby's face brightened from the sorrowful look it had held. He was glad for Johnny.

"And," continued Mr. Webster, "Johnny and the boys would like you for their manager."

Tubby's brain began to whirl. Manager for Birchville's Baseball Team! My heavens! Birds and bees began to twirp and twiddle inside his head. Tubby was so wrapped up in his thoughts that mechanically he got up from the chair, walked down the hall and out into the morning sunlight, right past the delectable Sweet Shoppe without even a glance at the tempting eclairs, pies, and rolls. Ted had plans, and they didn't include the Sweet Shoppe.

CYNTHIA STERLING, *Fourth Preparatory*

A Tragic Happening

A YOUNG STAG approached the river from the thick green forest to drink the clear water of the Allegheny. He halted near the water's edge, and stood as though he were a stone monument. A terrific slap was heard as a beaver gave warning. A canoe was drifting silently down the river. At its stern kneeled Jonathan, a tall muscular young man with a pair of kind, solemn brown eyes. Paddling bow was his wife, Catherine, an attractive black-haired girl. Between the two on a small feather bed lay Martha, a chubby nine months old baby. Spring had come early that year in Pennsylvania. With the first of May bloomed the violets; buds on the elms and the oaks expanded into leafy masses. Settlers paddled down the swift rivers on their way to the Ohio country.

Jonathan and Catherine were paddling two or three miles ahead of the others. The hot sun beat down upon them, making them drowsy. Around the bend they found themselves in the midst of swirling water. Instantly the man tried to reach for an overhanging tree to stop the speeding canoe's flight down the rapids. Dodging one rock to every two they passed over, they were carried swiftly downward. When they reached the end of the rapids, there were a dozen holes in the bottom of the canoe. Within a few minutes the sinking craft had submerged. Catherine was thrown against a hard rock, the force of the blow knocking the breath from her. As she lay dazed and unable to struggle, she slowly sank. Jonathan, who saw the danger she was in, tried to rescue her, but was unsuccessful, for the current was too strong. As soon as he reached her side, a strong current flung them into a rock, leaving them unconscious to drown in the river.

The baby, however, was not so unfortunate. When the canoe had gone under, the feather bed on which she lay floated down the river. At first the water splashed the child, but as they drifted on away from the rapids it quieted down. Soon the baby was rocked to sleep by the even movements of the water, and the sun smiled down upon her. The river turned, and the current washed them ashore.

When the other settlers reached the rapids, it took them but one look to find the tragedy. Bits of wood lay everywhere, and caught on a rock was the man's hat.

They portaged around the place of the accident and continued their journey down the Allegheny. A mile below the rapids, they heard the soft wailing of a baby. When they looked toward the shore, they saw the feather bed on which Martha lay. Beaching their canoes, some of the men started searching for the parents while the women started a fire to warm the child.

That night the group held a meeting to decide what should be done

with the child. Since none of her relations were on this particular trip, Paul Mark and his wife, Marie, were the friends to whom the child was given.

Martha grew to be a kind, unspoiled child and was well liked by all who knew her.

The story of this tragic happening has been told over and over again to become one of our most cherished family stories, for Martha was one of my father's ancestors.

LOUISE CRAWFORD, *Third Preparatory*

Tranquillity to Tempest

The night was rapidly falling
As the silvery night turned gray.
Silently soared the great nighthawk.
Small trees had continued to sway.
Fireflies sensed trouble stirring
And quickly extinguished their lights.
On pine boughs, small starlings were huddled
Or restlessly twittered in flight.
Lone owls' hoots in the distance
Caused shrill lonely sounds through the still.
The crickets were joyously singing
In the fuchsia fields on the hill.
Casting rays down from the heavens,
Were stars much less crystally bright.
Meteors, whose flares had shone clearly,
Could barely be seen through the night.
Grew the sky swiftly much darker,
Then finally turned inky black.
Faint rumbles were heard in the distance,
Sharp lightning had started to crack.
Earth was in fiery torment.
Strong winds and loud thunder did roar.
Flashes cut sharp paths through dark skies,
Then cracked like the armor of war.
The tempest was whirling in fury.
But as swiftly as it began,
Wondrous heavens opened their doorways
And brought forth a light upon man.

DONNA J. CLEGG, *Fourth Preparatory*

March Welcomes Spring

THE SUN ROSE upon a tranquil world, peeking into all corners, flooding them with sunshine. It crept along the telephone wires up to my window. "Wake up, sleepyhead, it's Spring!" it seemed to say. I turned over. Suddenly a small gust of wind tickled my toes. With a leap, I was out of bed. In my bare feet I rushed to the window, pushed it open wider, and leaned out. It had rained the night before, so that the grass was sparkling. Daffodils had grown up overnight. I fancied that the birds were singing a serenade to me. It all reminded me of a circus, somehow, with bowing plants as an audience, and the sun as ringmaster. The star performer was a tightrope walker, a squirrel. It walked the telephone wires in our yard, leaning and swaying with the breeze. When it was out of sight, my father broke the "magic spell."

"Elizabeth, time to get up and go to school."

"Daddy, this is Saturday! Besides it's my vacation!" As though anyone could forget! "But I'm wide awake!" I objected to his suggestion.

"Go back to sleep!"

Go back to sleep? Indeed! On a day like this! I jumped into blue jeans immediately. Dashing down the steps two at a time, I came to a breathless halt at the foot. Then after dashing through the house at full speed, I popped out of the back door like a cork out of a bottle. Daddy had said, "Go back to sleep!" How *could* he? I turned three cartwheels and a somersault. I spent a half an hour flying about on my misty cloud of dreams, making up dances, then playing that I was a knight conquering a bed of tulip bulbs. At eight Mommy called me in for breakfast. I couldn't eat. I bounced, I wiggled, and I pecked at my food. Finally Mommy gave the imperative warning, "Eat your breakfast or stay out of the garden *all day!*" (I ate my breakfast!)

Soon Mommy went to the florist shop, and when she came home she had two small packages of seeds. One of them was called "The Wonder Packet." On the outside I read the usual blah-blah about how wonderful these seeds were. But then it said that all you had to do was sprinkle them on the ground and water them. There was a great variety of seeds so that anything might grow.

Gaily I skipped outside and sprinkled the seeds on the ground, then practically washed them away watering them. Then again I was away on my cloud of dreams. Perhaps they would grow as high as the house. Maybe they'd be silver and gold. What wonders could spring from a packet of seeds!

I'm still in suspense. What will come from those little green shoots in my garden?

ELIZABETH HORNING, *First Preparatory*

THE WAGON TRAIN

President ..... JULIE SMITH
Vice-president ..... ANN FORSYTHE
Secretary ..... PEGGY FORSYTHE
Advisor ..... MRS. OWEN

Row I—E. Leisy, J. McDonald, N. Stewart, M. Eerkes, J. Robert.
Row II—P. Forsythe, J. Smith, Mrs. Owen, P. Dudley, A. Forsythe.
Row III—G. Stifel, P. Brown, F. Harlepp, B. Bourne, V. Gray, G. Buckley, A. Hargett.

Student Council

THE STERN COUNCIL representatives and our wise mentor, Mrs. Owen, filed into the confines of Room 2 on every fateful Wednesday fifth period. While the school speculated on the severity of the rules made in these occult conferences, the Council decided that four study halls a day would be unproctored. Several of the meetings were attended by non-Council members from the Junior and Senior classes. However strict it may have seemed, The Student Council of 1948-'49 has been truly humane.

Editor ..... NANCY McARTHUR

Advisor ..... MISS BRUCE

Left to right: J. Donald, Miss Bruce, S. J. Brown, J. Nutt, J. Smith, N. Kadow, N. McArthur J. Miller.

Specularia Board

FOR months we have waded through formidable piles of write-ups, ad lists, and proofs. We have beleaguered long-suffering but patient Miss Bruce with problems grammatical and otherwise. But there has finally emerged from the titanic struggles in Room 1 what we hope is a just reflection of the H. B. spirit.

Editor-in-chief ..... **SALLY WEST**
Assistant Editors ..... **FRANCOISE HARLEPP, NANCY CRAWFORD**
Advisor ..... **MISS JOHNSON**

Row I—V. Wise, A. Theuer, J. Crelly, S. McKnight, G. Stifel, P. Morris, A. Feder, M. Johnson, S. Stecher, B. Bergstrom.

Row II—Miss Johnson, R. Gitson, F. Harlepp, S. West, N. Crawford, J. McClain, A. Lindemann, S. Conwell, A. Hargett.

Row III—V. Gray, N. Bassett, G. Gilbert, S. Balkwill, F. Thoburn, A. Gorton, G. Loehr, V. Jackson, I. Carter, P. Parks, P. Brown, P. Evans, J. Miller.

Review

WE JUNIORS have added another year's publication of *Review* to the procession of H. B.'s journalistic achievements. It has been a year full of many new and exciting experiences. We have interviewed many outstanding personalities, from Dick Haymes to Harvey. In working on *Review* we have learned, by trial and error, some of the complexities of business transactions and the requirements of accurate journalism. We are grateful for the valuable knowledge we have gained from *Review*.

President ..... BETTY BLACK
Advisor ..... MISS ANDERSON

Row I—J. Wilson, D. Brummage, A. Lucas, B. Black, P. Morris, M. Spencer, P. Parks.
Row II—M. Hogan, N. Crawford, J. Johnson, B. Bourne, J. Miller, M. Vilas, N. Kadow, V. Veach.
Row III—S. Rittinger, A. Forsythe, M. McFarlane, B. Husmann, C. Marston, S. McKnight.
Row IV—J. Trout, V. Richardson, J. Van Fossan, M. Mayher.

The Dramatic Club

AS AN OUTLET for the latent Thespian talents of the Juniors and Seniors, the Dramatic Club, under the able direction of Miss Anderson, has endeavored to produce plays for the enjoyment of its audiences. The Senior members made their debut at Carnival with a wild and woolly Western entitled *"Down in the Heart of Texas."* To prove their versatility (they can sing, too), the Senior members plus the entire Senior Class presented Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, *Iolanthe*. Perhaps in the near future someone may point with pride to a successful Broadway star and say, "She used to play the leading male roles in the Hathaway Brown School Dramatic Club plays."

President	JUDY JOHNSON
Treasurer	SHIRLEY JEAN BROWN
Librarian	JOYCE DUNCAN
Advisor	MISS PETERSON

Row I—C. Carr, J. Evans, B. Black, S. J. Brown, J. Miller, Miss Peterson, J. Smith, J. Johnson, P. Dudley, B. Bourne, J. McDonald.

Row II—P. Forsythe, L. Polk, G. Buckley, M. Spencer, D. Benton, J. Duncan, P. Werntz, C. Morgan, C. Hayman, V. Van Horn, A. Feder, N. Crawford.

Row III—J. Kuhn, M. Bernet, V. Stevens, M. Fisher, C. Marston, J. Lees, J. Wilson, J. Nutt, S. Seelye, M. McCaskey, B. Porter.

Row IV—B. Balkwill, P. Morris, F. Harlepp, J. Roberts, N. Bassett, V. Veach, M. A. Perry, M. West, S. West, F. Thoburn.

Row V—R. Gitson, J. McDonald, F. Kuhne, J. Bartshe, N. Smith, M. Johnson, A. Osborne.

Glee Club

WITH A HEARTY "Fol-low-fol-low-fol-low-fa" the Glee Club has contributed much this year to the music at Hathaway Brown. It has performed at the Thanksgiving service, the Christmas ceremony, and the annual Concert with University School. Yet none of these would have been possible were it not for the inspiring direction of Miss Peterson.

President ..... MARTY VILAS

Advisor ..... MISS NIXON

Left to right: M. West, J. McClain, J. Donald, Miss Nixon, M. Vilas, N. Kadow, G. Gilbert, D. Dudley.

Athletic Association

SPIKE IT!" "What a slice!" "Tricky drop shot!" "Looks like a bull's-eye!" "It's set point!" "Beautiful basket!" "Make that goal!" "Hit a homer!" These are only a few of the spirited cries heard during the athletic seasons by the sports enthusiasts. The intramural games as well as the outside games played this year were made possible by the planning of the Athletic Association under the capable guidance of Miss Nixon.

President ..... NANCY CRAWFORD

Advisor ..... MISS NIXON

Row I—R. Gitson, C. Ogle, S. Conwell, A. Hargett, G. Stifel, F. Thoburn.
Row II—V. Van Horn, J. Dunbar, C. Hobbs, P. Ackerman, A. Gilkey.
Row III—P. Morris, N. Crawford, A. Feder.

Modern Dance Club

WHILE 1949 was only the third year of the Modern Dance Club, it was proof of a fast growing form of expression at Hathaway Brown. Black clad figures and "Strange Music" became a regular adornment to H. B.'s halls. Groans due to aching muscles became obsolete; lost pounds, a pleasure. The result of all our lunges and leaps was a program at the end of the year, in which we presented our interpretations of various ideas.

President ..... JOYCE EVANS

Left to right: J. Evans, N. P. Wilson, A. Cobb, G. Gilbert, S. Todd, S. Miller

Dormitory Council

THE DORMITORY COUNCIL functions on the same order as the Council at school with representatives from each class. We help to enforce the rules and plan social functions under the guidance of Mrs. Lafore. This year we have given several successful dances and parties with the University School Dormitory.

ANN HARGETT ..... President ..... GRETCHEN STIFEL
FRANCOISE HARLEPP ..... Council member ..... PEGGY BROWN

Row I—S. McKnight, D. Duncan, P. Evans, S. Balkwill, J. Dunbar, A. Hargett, G. Stifel, N. Christianson, A. Schumacher, P. Augustus, A. Theuer, J. Parker, P. Brown.

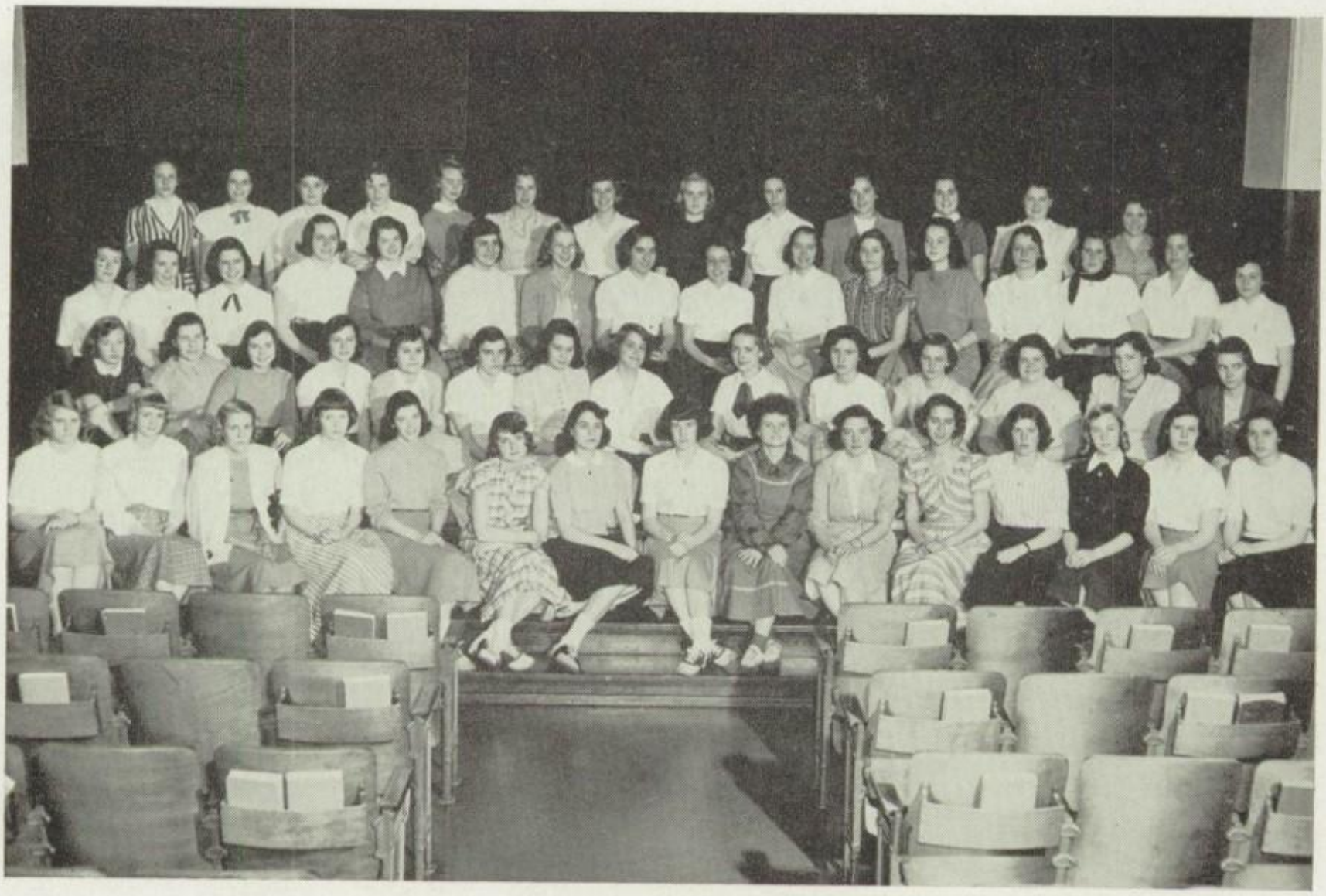
Row II—J. Burge, M. Bernet, S. Conwell, V. Kurtz, B. Johnston, S. Stecher, J. Lien, V. Van Horn, A. Feder, F. Thoburn, V. Jackson, A. Dornback.

Row III—R. Gitson, P. Morris, P. Weidlein, P. Parks, F. Harlepp, C. Marston, N. Bassett, J. Crelly, J. Wilson, G. Gilbert, S. West, J. McClain, G. Loehr.

Row IV—J. Graham, A. Lindemann, I. Carter, C. Hobbs, P. Luckiesh, A. Gorton, M. Brown, N. Crawford, M. Johnson, V. Wise.

The Class of '50

THE JUNIOR YEAR has left the Class of '50 with many precious memories—the awe and hushed excitement of performing in the Christmas play, the sight of low lights and the sound of soft music in dancing at the Junior-Senior Prom, the amazement and delight of winning the Choral Contest, and the long-awaited thrill of receiving our rings on Junior Day. We are eagerly anticipating the many thrills and events which will come to us next year as Seniors.



GAIL BUCKLEY ..... President ..... MIRIAM EERKES
ELSA LEISY ..... Council member ..... VIRGINIA GRAY

Row I—S. Bernet, M. Fisher, S. Connelly, C. Carey, E. Schwinn, M. Glass, V. Stevens, J. Taylor, C. Hayman, J. Ruppel, M. Ellenberger, E. Leisy, A. Walker, G. Rogers, S. Stevens.

Row II—A. Tielke, M. Manderson, C. Fries, G. Gray, S. Brown, G. Buckley, M. S. Powell, M. Lindseth, M. Eerkes, J. Davis, S. Minsel, F. Merriman, S. Shepard, M. Mayher.

Row III—B. Balkwill, A. McCafferty, A. Hurst, S. Bauman, K. Daley, P. Foy, K. Hazlett, G. Heil, J. Bartshe, A. Cobb, J. Hutchinson, M. A. Perry, S. Seelye, J. Tinnerman, M. West, J. Monroe.

Row IV—F. Kuhne, M. Wefler, S. Stokoe, P. Ackerman, J. Kuhn, J. Prescott, N. Smith, A. Williams, M. Joyce, V. Stevenson, A. Jones, D. Brummage, P. Herrick.

The Class of '51

"MOOD INDIGO" will always take our thoughts back to our Freshman-Sophmore Prom, the shining star of the year, for this song was the theme of our big event. Our sophomore year is filled with other memories, too: winning the hockey, volleyball, and basketball tournaments; enjoying our classmates' amusing antics in *Oh Jonny* and *Now That April's Here;* mimicking the upper classmen on Junior Day; and finishing a close second in the song contest.

JOAN ROBERTS ..... President ..... JANE McDONALD
JANE McDONALD ..... Council member ..... NANCY STEWART

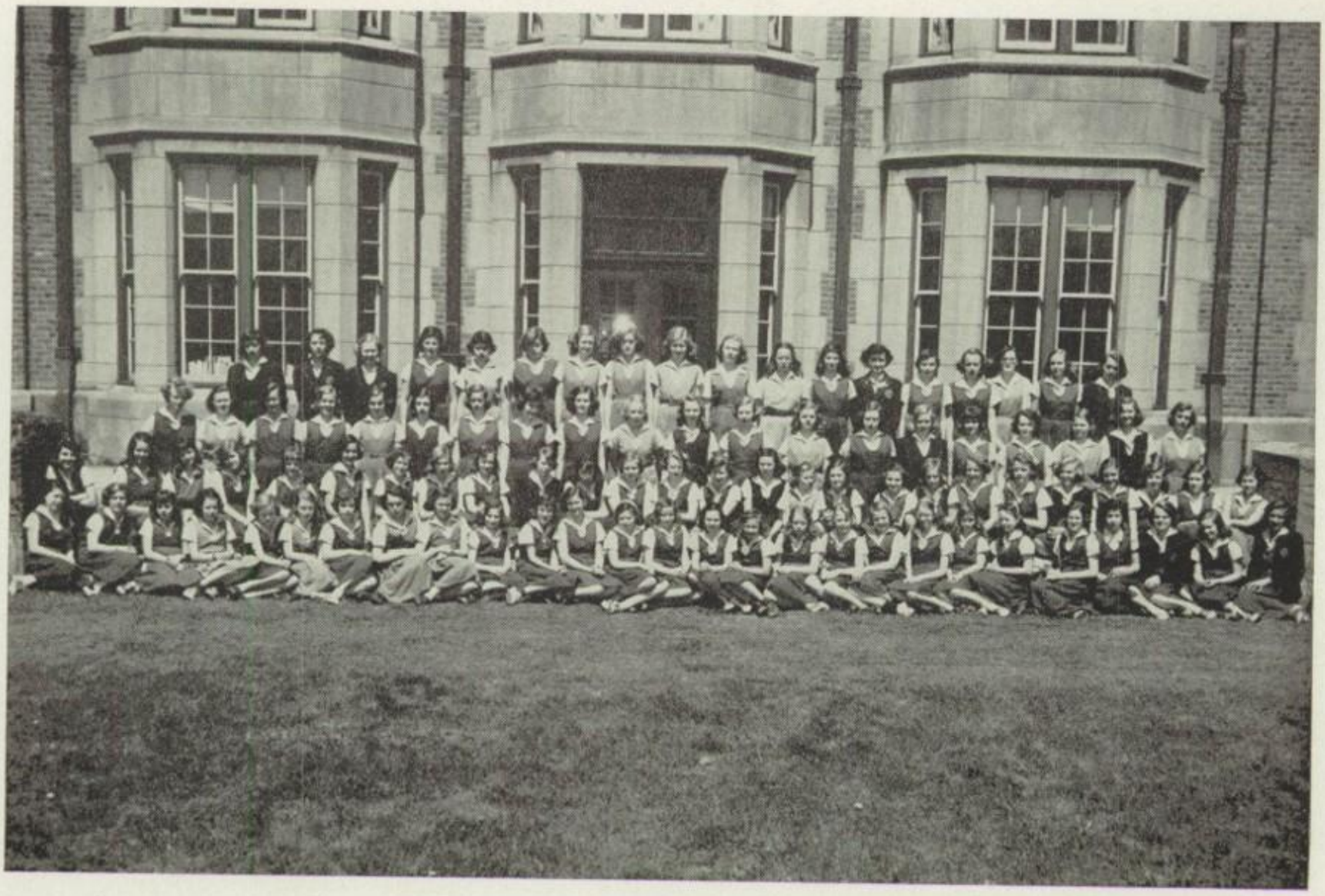
Row I—J. Sawyer, J. Alexander, N. Stewart, M. Rathbone, K. Klump, J. McGourtey, S. Todd, C. Stout, C. Salzman, J. Krider, J. Lust, B. McKinley, A. Colyer.

Row II—C. Farr, C. Biggar, B. Bergstrom, J. Lees, L. Polk, S. Haag, C. Sternicki, C. Reese, L. Strang, G. Pollock, C. Ogle, J. McKinnon, D. Dudley.

Row III—B. Porter, A. Osborne, J. Roberts, B. Crothers, B. Bunts, C. Kurtz, N. Miller V. Sawyer, P. Ireland, J. McDonald, L. Briggs, S. Beeson, G. Steudel, J. Batzer, J. Newkirk, M. Duncan, J. Sparling, M. McCaskey.

The Class of '52

ALTHOUGH CERTAIN authorities accused of being fogbound in our first months of academic trials and tribulations, the atmospheric conditions have cleared remarkably well. By our conscientious efforts we have gained recognition by our Pigtail League's numerous victories and in our Freshman-Sophomore Prom. One of our numbers headed the honor roll, while others were not far behind. Still to be remembered was the only basketball award given to one individual by *H. B.* and the two *News* scholastic writing awards won by members of the class. A few of our ambitious Katherine Cornells ventured into the dramatic fields to present a comedy entitled *The Mad Breakfast*. We feel confident that none of our predecessors could have experienced a more fruitful or enjoyable year.



Preparatory Department

IV PREPARATORIES

Belden, Jeanne
Bernet, Michele
Berno, Barbara
Blakeslee, Linda
Bostwick, Anne
Brown, Judith
Brown, Marcia
Brayton, Jeremy
Brummage, Mary
Burton, Sarita
Carter, Patricia
Case, Lynn
Clegg, Donna
Corning, Alison
Gardner, June
Harris, Eleanor
Horner, Mary
King, Sally
Komaromy, Lya
Lehman, Suzanne
Loofbourrow, Susan
Medert, Barbara
McCullagh, Mary
Motch, Anne
Newton, Suzanne
Nock, Mary Jane
Ott, So Ann
Parker, Cynthia
Parsons, Margaret
Prescott, Mary Dana
Rogers, Jane
Ross, Sandra
Ryan, Gail
Sawyer, Betsy
Shilliday, Doris
Sterling, Cynthia
Thomas, Ann
Wallace, Nancy
Wilson, Nancy Lee
Zilm, Diane

II PREPARATORIES

Appel, Jayne-Ann
Beam, Marilyn
Bernet, Barbara
Carr, Peggy
Caswell, Caroline
Daley, Barbara
Disher, Pamela
Eells, Marian
Gemmil, Virginia
Jordan, Julie
Melcher, Marian
Miller, Margaret
Perkins, Sallie
Steingass, Susan
Stewart, Mary
Von Willer, Roberta
Weber, Jean
Wigglesworth, Judy
Williams, Deborah
Winslow, Sally-Ann
Wright, Jennie

III PREPARATORIES

Bodurtha, Helen
Bruce, Bonnie
Clipsham, Jackie
Crane, Patricia
Crawford, Louise
Genet, Barbara
Ireland, Ruth
Komaromy, Ann
Leroy, Paula
Loughry, Judith
Manderson, Sally
Metzger, Susan
Munro, Cynthia
Neal, Barbara
Rankin, Anne
Schmitt, Barbara
Schumann, Merle
Stainton, Patricia
Taft, Eleanor
Turben, Judith
Wilbur, Atheline

I PREPARATORIES

Beale, Mary Elizabeth
Bechk, Zefi
Elliott, Jeanne
Gore, Maidie Lou
Halle, Kate
Hollington, Mary
Horning, Elizabeth
Miller, Pamela
Myers, Barbara
Schuemann, Beverly
Slaughter, Elizabeth
Taylor, Barbara
Watkins, Donna Lee
Wilbur, Andrea

Senior Will

WE, THE FORTY-NINERS, *being of wandering mind and obscure purpose, do hereby declare this to be our last collective will and testament. We make the following bequests to our slaphappy successors:*

Nutt leaves her cigars to the Balkwills.
Joanie Miller leaves her Bermuda bells to the Spang Bakery.
Trout leaves her iron horse to Marion.
Corky leaves her Homing pigeon in the refrigerator.
Barbie Wise leaves her innocence to Nancy Bassett.
Roesch leaves a fresh supply of handkerchiefs to Stecher.
Sternicki, Richardson, and Van Fossan give Gromek, Hegan, and Mitchell back to Bill Veeck.
Johnson leaves lots of *bon jour's* to Miss Thompson.
Helen Miller has left a pencil case somewhere for Madeline Meyer to locate.
Bourne leaves peace and quiet to Pat Evans.
Kadow and McArthur absolutely refuse to leave Montgomery Clift.
Chally leaves her place in a pyramid club to Mary Glass.
Werntz leaves her milk bottles to Dodie Dudley.
Evans and Miller leave their good housekeeping to Marilyn Johnson and Pat Parks.
Spencer and Black leave Kenyon to the boys and Joan Lien.
The Forsythes and Julie leave their multicolored monsters to Merriman and Brummage.
Allgood and Baier leave their aspirin to next year's *Spec* board (on the advice of this year's *Spec* board).
McDonald leaves the rest of her men for Carmela to get.
Skall and Benton leave a couple of jokes that nobody will get.
Duncan and Frolking leave their surplus flash bulbs to Miss Peterson.
Donald leaves her station wagon in splinters.
Veachie leaves a few well-chosen words of advice to the Juniors.
Dudley and N. L. Wilson leave their Nescafe to Mrs. Simmons.
Redmond leaves with the loot.
Reavill leaves her butterscotch drops to Gretchen Gilbert.
Shirley Brown leaves her "J" to Shirley Brown.
McFarlane leaves her taxi service to Marianne Bernet.
Vilas, Rittinger, and Hogan leave their man-traps to Carol Frieze.
Treadway leaves the Rapid to Theuer, Gorton, and Crelly.
N. P. leaves Ruthie's Levis to Jeannie Hutchinson.
Husmann leaves her come-hither look to Ann Shumacher.
Ann Gilkey leaves her neighbors to Alice Feder.
Hutchinson leaves her bongo wastebasket to Jane McClain.
Lucas leaves Aeneas to Miss Blake.

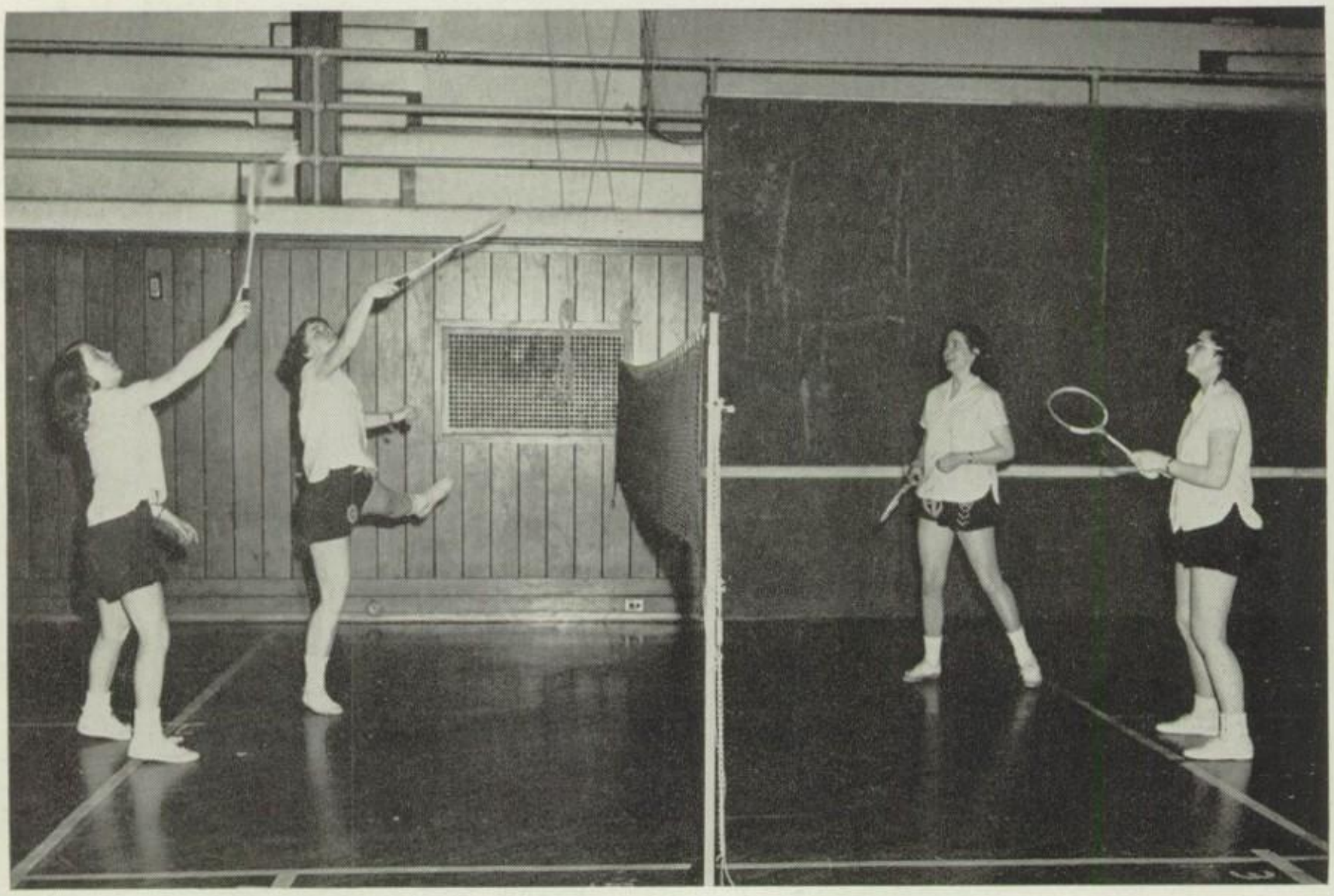
(*signed*)

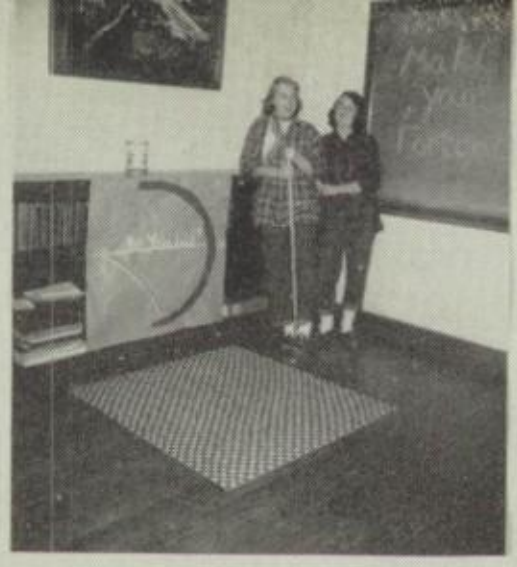
THE FORTY-NINERS
June 10, 1949

(*witnessed*)

MISS JERMYN'S
straw-hatted Eskimos

KADOW'S KIDS
(*just a couple of quacks*)

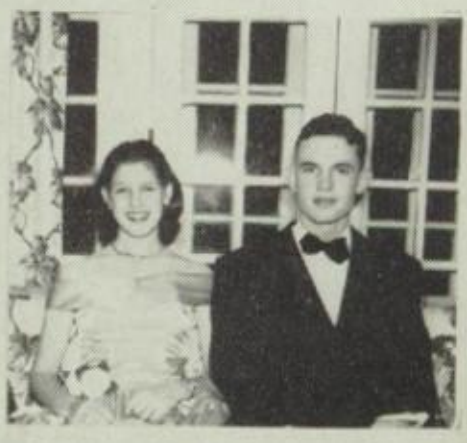




	Will Be	Likes	Dislikes	Haunts	Favorite Expression
ALLGOOD	a doctor	the Navy	all good	trains	That's like Petey.
BAIER	a fashion artist	sophistication	purple and orange	locker room mirror	Conniption fits
BENTON	a bare-back rider	her jokes	bicycling to school	the stables	I'll never tell.
BLACK	philanthropic	insects	stuffed shirts	Horrigan's	Hey —
BOURNE	a success	to vibrate	party poopers	swimming meets	Well —
BROWN	or will she?	to giggle	studying	business men	Did you get an ad?
CARR	a torch singer	rings	cold meat	pyramid clubs	Who was your date?
DONALD	fat at forty	ultra-violet rays	blushing	Shaker Boulevard	Tell me.
DUDLEY	Miss America	gestures	rent control	the May Queen's court	My father says —
DUNCAN	a good cook	to drive slowly	non-bridge players	the kitchen	A-a-a —
EVANS	first lady of the land	fun	open doors	Mrs. Lafore	How 'bout that?
FORSYTHE, A.	a tea-taster	to worry	blue monsters	everybody	Peggy, don't!
FORSYTHE, P.	late anyway	responsibility	narrow-mindedness	Johnny	Poor Blunderbus!
FROLKING	Frenchy	mam'selle	being dignified	her convertible	Pretty cagey
GILKEY	in a Pepsodent ad	being contrary	the midnight oil	the library	Oh, really?
HOGAN	best dressed woman of '93	Barry	bananas	houses	Oh, Annie!
HUSMANN	a siren	a conquest	the "sticks"	Ralph	Hey, goodie!
HUTCHINSON	wind blown	smoke rings	curly hair	the moon	Any extra desserts?
JOHNSON	speechless	the boys	to be suppressed	Miss Jermyn	Now in Cuba —
KADOW	a polygamist	her independence	to see the light	the Hanna	I'm impressed.
LUCAS	sophisticated	bananas	policemen	intersections	Oh, shut up.
McARTHUR	psychopathic	Bullethead Renfrew	alarm clocks	Miss Bruce	It's so pedestrian.
McDONALD	a long-hair	to laugh	males under 25	jam sessions	San Antone
McFARLANE	no politician	to say what she thinks	hypocrisy	subtle people	I don't agree.
MILLER, H.	boisterous	chipmunks	*Iolanthe*	Room No. 4	Let's see —
MILLER, J.	a brunette	Rollin	shorts *sans* earrings	Fairytale Theater	Tell me reasons.
MILLER, S.	an old maid	Bill	chaos	Aurora	Oh my!
MORGAN	*suivante*	sea-weeds	teetotalers	flower shows	What d'ya mean?
NUTT	eccentric	green hair	pigwigs	the Dorm.	Hello.
REAVILL	ambidexterous	irony	campaigning	McArthur	I was absent that day.
REDMOND	a socialite	fascinating names	undue levity	the front drive	Did I get your dues?
RICHARDSON	remembered	Atlantic City	nothing	tea parties	Good morning, girls!
RITTINGER	in the Olympics	potato chips	Big John	the Skating Club	Yeah —
ROESCH	true in her fashion	convertibles	food	Clifton Beach	Now, don't worry!
SKALL	Louie's moll	to scream	hiccups	sane people	What happened?
SMITH	worn out	to bustle	sleeping	the mailbox	Yes!
SPENCER	psychologist	angling	her green dress	unsupervised study hall	It's mawkish.
STERNICKI	a ball club owner	Indians	benzedrine	the Stadium	The urge to submerge
TREADWAY	losing her loafers	cheese for breakfast	driving in traffic	the Clifton Express	That's casual.
TROUT	a comedienne	Clooches	seriousness	Dogpatch	Hey, chickies —
VAN FOSSAN	in musical comedies	Jim Hegan	gym-nastics	the catcher's corner	Really, Virginia!
VEACH	learning	to argue	wishy-washy men	the post office	Fun for the kiddies
VILAS	Mrs. C.	Gene	Jerry's enemies	Jerry	Jerry!
WERNTZ	ready for Freddy	lots of fun	being told	little sisters	Funny?
WILSON, N.	a railroad engineer	Penn State	surprises	experienced argylers	Now, you just do that.
WILSON, N. P.	a mysterious traveler	to dissect frogs	balloon-poppers	hearts	Have a few.
WISE	wise	animal instincts	holding hands	the hospital	What did she mean?

Are These the Faces That Launched A. A. Milne?

JUDY ALLGOOD ..... *"I think I am a doctor who's visiting a sneeze—"*
GRETCHEN BAIER ..... *"He came from the country, he wasn't a town one—"*
DOROTHY BENTON ..... *"Horse and I. Where are you going to, Horse, to-day?"*
BETTY BLACK ..... *"I never* did *want "Hold-my-hand—"*
BETSEY BOURNE ..... *"We all went after her—"*
SHIRLEY JEAN BROWN ..... *"What does it matter where people go?"*
CHALLY CARR ..... *"Who's coming out with me?"*
JANET DONALD ..... *"And all sorts of funny thoughts run round my head—"*
PATSY DUDLEY ..... *"White her gown, and her veil is white—"*
JOYCE DUNCAN ..... *"She turned a little red—"*
JOYCE EVANS ..... *"And shook her yellow head—"*
ANN FORSYTHE ..... *"And then it's time for tea—"*
PEGGY FORSYTHE ..... *"And one is a chair for me—"*
ANN GILKEY ..... *"And she won't eat her dinner—"*
MARGIE HOGAN ..... *"I'm ever so careful to watch my feet—"*
BARBARA HUSMANN ..... *"Where am I going? I don't quite know."*
RUTH HUTCHINSON *"Last seen-Wandering vaguely-Quite of her own accord—"*
JUDY JOHNSON ..... *"And I've begged her to stop for a bit and explain—"*
NANCY KADOW ..... *"What has she got in that firm little fist of hers?"*
ANN LUCAS ..... *"I had a penny, a bright new penny—"*
NANCY MCARTHUR ..... *"I think that he sounds so exciting!"*
JOAN MCDONALD ..... *"They're changing the guard at Buckingham Palace—"*
MARY MCFARLANE ..... *"If people ask me, I always tell them."*
HELEN MILLER ..... *"What shall I call my dear little dormouse?"*
JOAN MILLER ..... *"That handsome King—could this be he?"*
SUE MILLER ..... *"My lady is marrying her own true knight."*
CORINNE MORGAN *"With a laugh she is slipping through the lilies on the water."*
JANET NUTT ..... *"Doesn't the sky look green to-day?"*
ROBB REAVILL ..... *"But they all had handkerchiefs to blow their noses."*
MARLENE REDMOND ..... *"I'll blow my horn for an hour or two."*
GINNY RICHARDSON ..... *"There's a cottage by the river—"*
SANDY RITTINGER ..... *"Or he tumbled when skating—"*
JANET ROESCH ..... *"You've all got tails like me."*
JOAN SKALL ..... *"I went into a house, and I thought it was a house."*
JULIE SMITH ..... *"If I only were thin—"*
MARIAS SPENCER ..... *"Where are you going to, man?"*
GLORIA STERNICKI ..... *"I do not want to play with any Indians today—"*
ANN TREADWAY ..... *"Breathing the early morning air—"*
JAN TROUT ..... *"All the little fishes went waggle-tail, waggle-tail."*
JANE VAN FOSSAN ..... *"And the villagers were round him—"*
GINNY VEACH ..... *"Just look how I'm walking in all of the squares—"*
MARTY VILAS ..... *"It's ever so portant how you walk."*
PEGGY WERNTZ ..... *"Then with a still more moving sigh—"*
NANCY L. WILSON ..... *"So I'd better sit down and make needles instead."*
NANCY P. WILSON ..... *"I've had my supper."*
BARBIE WISE ..... *"He doesn't like shaking hands—"*
BETSY FROLKING ..... *"And then I look about for things."*
MISS COBURN ..... *"Tiptoe, tiptoe, here I go—"*



Senior Class of 1949

ALLGOOD, JUDITH ..... 1320 Westover Road, Fort Wayne, Indiana
BAIER, GRETCHEN ..... 20849 Shaker Blvd., Shaker Heights 22
BENTON, DOROTHY ..... 2251 Coventry Road, Cleveland Heights 18
BLACK, BETTY ..... 2959 Fairmount Blvd., Cleveland Heights 18
BOURNE, BETSEY ..... 13801 Shaker Blvd., Cleveland 20
BROWN, SHIRLEY JEAN ..... 2835 Southington Road, Shaker Heights 22
CARR, CHALLIS ..... 2691 Landon Road, Shaker Heights 22
DONALD, JANET ..... 17210 Aldersyde Drive, Shaker Heights 20
DUDLEY, PATRICIA ..... 13609 Shaker Blvd., Cleveland 20
DUNCAN, JOYCE ..... 21000 Byron Road, Shaker Heights 22
EVANS, JOYCE ..... 1015 Beechwood Blvd., Elwood City, Pa.
FORSYTHE, ANN ..... 13500 Shaker Blvd., Cleveland 20
FORSYTHE, PEGGY ..... 13500 Shaker Blvd., Cleveland 20
FROLKING, BETSY ..... 21099 Claythorne Road, Shaker Heights 22
GILKEY, ANN ..... 2992 Monmouth Road, Cleveland Heights 18
HOGAN, MARJORIE ..... 21331 Sydenham Road, Shaker Heights 22
HUSMANN, BARBARA ..... Route No. 1, Beach City, Ohio
HUTCHINSON, RUTH ..... 1025 Nicholson Road, Lakewood 7
JOHNSON, JUDITH ..... 3715 Sutherland Road, Shaker Heights 22
KADOW, NANCY ..... 22499 Douglas Road, Shaker Heights 22
LUCAS, ANN ..... 2878 Brighton Road, Shaker Heights 20
McARTHUR, NANCY ..... 40 Third Avenue, Berea, Ohio
McDONALD, JOAN ..... 3006 Falmouth Road, Shaker Heights 22
McFARLANE, MARY ..... 2725 Inverness Road, Shaker Heights 22
MILLER, HELEN ..... 16263 Oakhill Road, East Cleveland 12
MILLER, JOAN ..... 3295 Norwood Road, Shaker Heights 22
MILLER, SUE ..... Twin Lakes, Kent, Ohio
MORGAN, CORINNE ..... 26905 Bruce Road, Bay Village, Ohio
NUTT, JANET ..... 30124 Ridge Road, Wickliffe, Ohio
REAVILL, ROBB ..... 809 Bushnell Avenue, Rock Spring, Wyo.
REDMOND, MARLENE ..... 3705 Glencairn Road, Shaker Heights 22
RICHARDSON, VIRGINIA ..... 2691 Wadsworth Road, Shaker Heights 22
RITTINGER, SANDRA ..... 2688 St. James Parkway, Cleveland Heights 6
ROESCH, JANET ..... 1038 Parkside Drive, Lakewood 7
SKALL, JOAN ..... 2621 Fairmount Blvd., Cleveland Heights 18
SMITH, JULIE ..... Wintergreen Hill, Painesville, Ohio
SPENCER, MARIAS ..... 3149 South Moreland Blvd., Shaker Heights 20
STERNICKI, GLORIA ..... 4892 Edge Park Drive, Garfield Heights 5
TREADWAY, ANN ..... 1510 Arthur Avenue, Lakewood 7
TROUT, JAN ..... 521 Grove Street, Evanston, Illinois
VAN FOSSAN, JANE ..... 13415 Shaker Blvd., Shaker Heights 20
VEACH, VIRGINIA ..... West Hill Drive, Gates Mills, Ohio
VILAS, MARTINE ..... 22500 Shelburne Road, Shaker Heights 22
WERNTZ, MARGARET ..... 3001 Sulgrave Road, Shaker Heights 22
WILSON, NANCY ..... 18115 Shaker Blvd., Shaker Heights 22
WILSON, NANCY P. ..... 2661 East Genessee Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
WISE, BARBARA ..... 2870 Manchester Road, Shaker Heights 22

Faculty Address List

1948-'49

Abbott, Barbara	Dormitory
Allen, Marie	10708 Deering Avenue, Cleveland 6
Anderson, Mabelle	9719 Logan Court, Cleveland 6
Birney, Sarah	2054 East 89th Street, Cleveland 6
Blake, Anna H.	3363 Warrensville Center Road, Shaker Heights 22
Bruce, Ada	3363 Warrensville Center Road, Shaker Heights 22
Coburn, Anne Cutter	Hotel Alcazar, Cleveland Heights 6
Conwell, Mrs. S. G.	2930 Chadbourne Road, Shaker Heights 20
Corrigan, Mary	2803 Scarborough Road, Cleveland Heights 6
Degnan, Mrs. J. D.	3660 Lynnfield Drive, Shaker Heights 22
Denny, Ruth I.	1914 East 101st Street, Cleveland 6
Fine, Evelyn H.	Dormitory
Finley, Grace E.	3072 Huntington Road, Shaker Heights 20
Goodale, Mrs. F. Jr.	17500 South Woodland Road, Shaker Heights 20
Gilchrist, Helen	1914 East 101st Street, Cleveland 6
Glover, Dr. Leona	2507 Guilford Road, Cleveland Heights 18
Haigh, Clarice	Dormitory
Hirstius, Mrs. Mary	3315 Elsmere Road, Shaker Heights 20
Hole, Mrs. R. J.	2920 Coleridge Rd., Cleveland Heights 18
Howell, Joan	Bentleyville Road, Chagrin Falls, Ohio
Jacoby, Mary	3099 Chadbourne Road, Shaker Heights 20
Jensen, Jenny	2592 Berkshire Road, Cleveland Heights 6
Jermyn, Arlene	Dormitory
Johnson, Alice	1978 East 116th Street, Cleveland 6
Kader, Mrs. J.	17611 Throckley Avenue, Cleveland 20
Kylin, Helen	2680 Scarborough Road, Cleveland Heights 18
Lafore, Mrs. Jules	Dormitory
Leonard, Mrs. L. R.	3060 Berkshire Road, Cleveland Heights 6
McDougle, Ann	2826 East 130th Street, Cleveland 6
Metzger, Mrs. H. W.	Rock Haven Road, Chesterland, Ohio
Miller, Mrs. C. C.	10610 Kinsman Road, Cleveland 4
Miller, Mary	2928 East 132nd Street, Cleveland 20
Nixon, Jessica	2928 East 132nd Street, Cleveland 20
Nolan, Martha	Dormitory
Owen, Mrs. L. J.	2876 Fairmont Boulevard, Cleveland Heights 18
Peterson, Viola	3384 Berkeley Road, Cleveland Heights 18
Rath, Mrs. Jeannette	2603 Traymore Road, University Heights 18
Roberts, Judith	2987 Claremont Road, Shaker Heights 22
Salmon, Mrs. Smith	1575 East 108th Street, Cleveland 6
Sampson, Mrs. J.	3140 East 135th Street, Cleveland 20
Simmons, Mrs. A. D.	2425 North Park Boulevard, Cleveland Heights 6
Smith, Harriett	2893 Huntington Road, Shaker Heights 20
Sullivan, Anna	Dormitory
Thompson, Ruth C.	Dormitory
Thompson, Sally R.	2019 East 115th Street, Cleveland 6
Van Houten, Charlotte	2826 East 130th Street, Cleveland 20
Wheeler, Nina L.	1862 East 101st Street, Cleveland 6
Wilkin, Mrs. J. N.	2425 North Park Boulevard, Ceveland Heights 6
Wilson, Mrs. Cicely	17500 South Woodland Road, Shaker Heights 20
Young, Mrs. Emil	3628 Cummings Road, Cleveland Heights 18

Officers of the Alumnae Association

President: ..... Kate Baker, 1939
First Vice-President: ..... Eleanor Bartol Weidlein, 1919
Second Vice-President: ..... Elizabeth Woodruff Stevenson, 1941
Secretary: ..... Alice Mitchell Clark, 1927
Treasurer: ..... Marion Warmington Kling, 1919

Council Members
1947-1949

Jean McBain Hyde, 1918
Margaret Hill Treadway, 1922
Janice Greve Roberts, 1926
Francis Cobb Jordan, 1929
Jane Wyckoff Bishop, 1932
Dorothy Reynolds Swander, 1935
Eleanor Bradley Davenport, 1937
Shirley Williams Gibson, 1938
Alma Foster Bowler, 1943

Council Members
1948-1950

Catherine Abbott Cobb, 1905
Renee McKee McFarlane, 1920
Dorothy Bentley Bond, 1926
Mary Newcomb Hobson, 1929
Floranell Hampton Loughry, 1932
Edith Ely Peck, 1936
Nancy Leighton Calfee, 1937
Betty McLaughlin Floyd, 1939
Ruth Royal Gascoigne, 1940
Suzanne Van Stone Stambaugh, 1943
Jane King Boyer, 1943
Allene Beaumont Duty, 1930
Harriet Mullin Barry, 1932
Edna L. Dawley, 1942
Judith Rogers Collins, 1943
Elizabeth Hurlock, 1945

CONGRATULATIONS

CLASS OF 1949

It is indeed gratifying to be again selected to photograph the Hathaway Brown graduating class. As 1949 is our 20th Anniversary you are really our second generation of Hathaway Brown students. The loyal support of our artistic endeavors by so many of your members and their families have contributed in no small measure to the success and attainment of the enviable reputation we enjoy in our profession. We are looking forward to the pleasure of recording the next important event in your lives and our third generation of Hathaway Brown, who undoubtedly will be your daughters.

May we express our gratitude and wish you every success in the future.

☆

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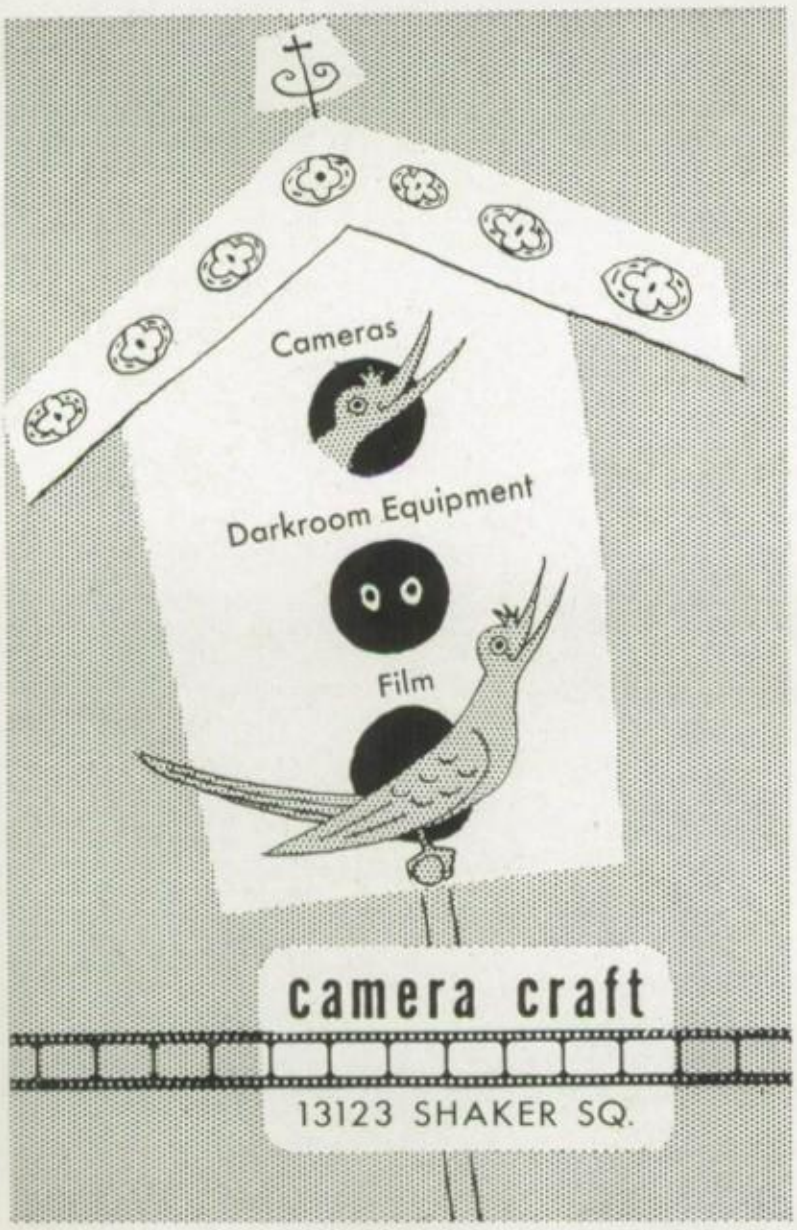
Miss Gilchrist suggesting comics for a source theme reference?
Miss Jermyn prejudiced?



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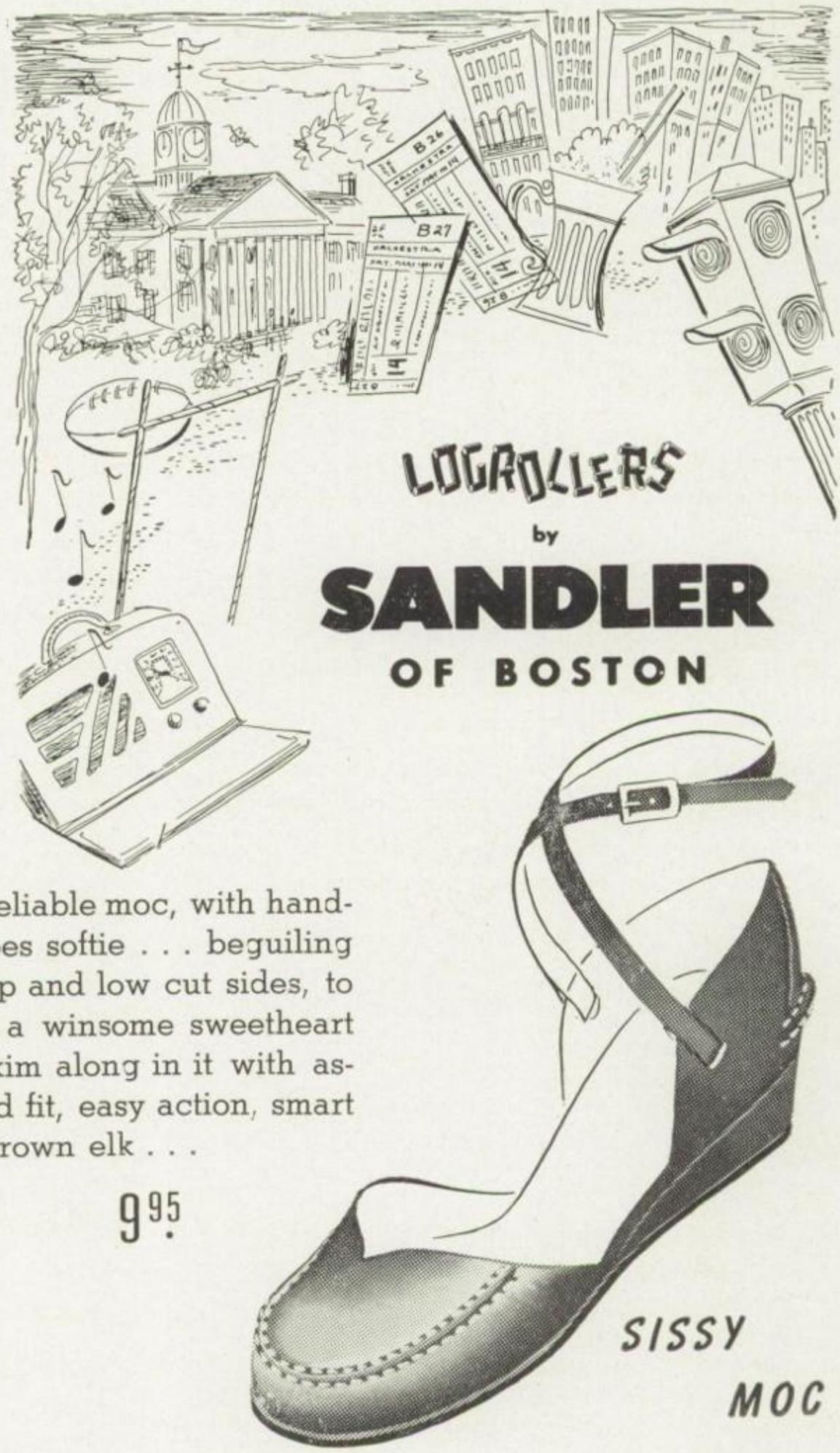

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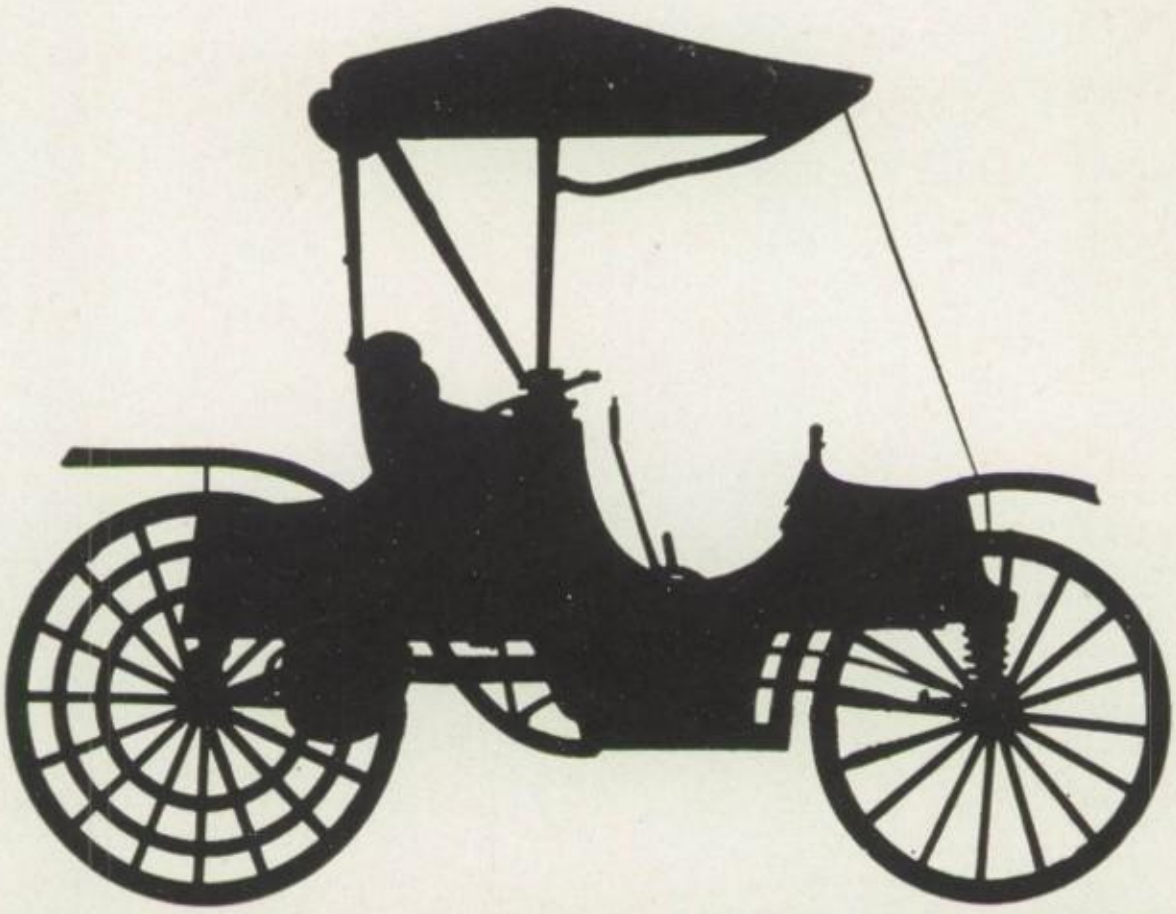

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